
MAN' AS HE IS.

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M A N A S H E I S. •

A N O V E L.

I N F O U R V O L U M E S.

V O L U M E. I I.

*Voluptates, blandissimæ dominæ, majores partes
animi à virtute detorquent.*

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D F O R W I L L I A M L A N E ,

A T T H E

M i n e r v a P r e s s .

L E A D E N H A L L - S T R E E T .

M D C C X C I I .

M. A. N. A. S. H. I. C.

A. M. O. V. E. I.

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MAN AS HE IS.

CHAP. XXV.

WHEN a young man is a little elevated with wine, he thinks the faster for it; though what the mind gains in velocity, it loses, perhaps, in precision. During Sir George's walk, it was all Mowbray and matrimony, Lambington and convenience, Lindsay and admonition, love and

VOL. II.

B

Miss

Miss Colerain ; so that my fair readers will not be surpris'd, if, when he arriv'd in the lady's presence, he should be a little inexplicable. Miss Colerain, notwithstanding the animating dose given her in the morning by Mr. Holford, was low in spirits, and more than usually pensive. In order to enliven her, Sir George told the little history of Mr. Mowbray—with his own comments ; and these comments surpris'd Miss Colerain.

In all former visits, Sir George had been attentive to propriety, and even to delicacy ; nor had he ever hazarded a random expression, which could induce Miss Colerain to imagine he had the least tincture of libertinism. This evening, but without the least design of offending—or indeed, any design—he had more liberal notions, and assumed a corresponding freedom, and liberality of expression ; still there was not any thing

to ground offence upon, yet sufficient to alarm so apprehensive a delicacy as Miss Colerain's. For the first time, this lady felt pleasure on Sir George's taking his leave.

She sat down then to renew the considerations of the day, with this addition. Sir George had been elevated this evening, and more than commonly eloquent; in such a situation, it was more than probable, that what his heart had preconceived, his tongue would have uttered. But it appeared from the whole of his discourse, or rather rattle, that evening, that he had no views; although, for the delicate and prudential reasons before given, she had decided, that had Sir George views of the most honourable kind, she ought to reject them; yet, I suppose, there might lurk about her heart a secret wish, that she might have an opportunity at least to shew her disinterestedness and

integrity by the rejection. This with she could not any longer indulge, nor could she conceal from herself, that Sir George's behaviour this evening, had not weakened the reasonings by which she had that day *almost* convinced Miss Carlill, that her stay at his house was equally imprudent and improper; nor that she ought to delay a day the execution of the plan she had formed by the help of that valuable friend.

She immediately summoned her faithful Susanna, and communicated her resolution to leave Combor on the morrow. Susanna appeared surprised. "What astonishes you," Miss Colerain asked, "has it not been long agreed on?"

"Yes, ma'm," answered Susanna, "only the suddenness, as one may say." Miss Colerain burst into tears.

"Well, my dear mistress," said Susanna, "if it must be, it must.

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As to my sister, she's settled by this time, I warrant; and we shall do well enough, if you won't let yourself be cast down. After all, what does it signify? I'm not a bit afraid of living, and if I can live with you, I'm sure I shall be happy. If a body can but be content, there's not so much difference between white bread and brown; a stuff gown keeps one as warm in winter as a silk; and what are coaches good for, but to spoil one's legs."

"My dear, my affectionate Susanna," said her weeping mistress, "you are the comfort of my life."

"God for ever bless you, madam, you are the pride of mine," replied Susanna. "You must no longer think of me as your mistress," said Miss Colerain, "you must treat me as your equal and your friend."

"Dear madam," replied Susanna, "one learns impertinence fast enough, but I hope I shall never learn that."

Pray ma'm may I take the liberty to ask one question? Does Sir George Paradyne know of your going to-morrow?"

"No, Sufanna," replied Miss Colerain.

"He'll be mortally surpris'd," says Sufanna.

"Why so?" asked her mistress.

"Nay, I don't know," answered Sufanna, "but I think so. To my mind, if ever any gentleman was in love, it is he."

Miss Colerain had the curiosity—what else could it be? to wish to know upon what circumstances so strange an opinion could be founded. It was founded principally upon Sir George's generosity to Sufanna; and I believe most ladies' women think love cannot be better demonstrated. Nor does it appear upon this occasion, that Miss Colerain fell into the usual custom of masters and mistresses, who
make

make it a rule to despise a servant's opinion;—nay, their own, when it happens to have been contaminated by vulgar mouths.

Fidel the black, entered to lay the cloth, and never was cloth so laid. The sight of his mistress weeping, suspended his faculties, and made him commit a blunder in every motion.

“How I shall ever reward you, Fidel,” said his mistress, “for all your attention to me, in the midst of misfortune, I know not.”

“Indeed, madam,” answered the black, “it is poor reward to see you miserable, for all my prayers to the good God to make you happy.”

“Generous Fidel,” said his mistress, “why has fortune denied me the power to retain you with me and repay your generosity? I leave Combor to-morrow, and must get you to procure a chaise for nine in the morning.”

“Are you going then, madam, for ever?” asked the black, “and may I not have leave to attend you—work for you—die for you.”

“Wherever I go,” said his mistress, “I must wish to be unknown. Your being with me will suit neither that intention, nor my fortune, nor any thing but my inclination. But poor Fidel, what will you do?”

“Oh, madam,” answered the sobbing black, “if happiness could be got as easily as bread, I should do well enough. But madam—Miss Colerain am I never to see you again?”

“You may hear of me by means of Miss Carlill,” answered his mistress, “if you are in a situation which enables you to enquire;” and here, Fidel, here are ten guineas, I can spare you that—a poor reward—”

Fidel vanished in an instant, and returned almost immediately with two purses

purse in his hand, and the tears running plentifully down his cheeks.

“In this purse,” said he, “is my wages, madam, and your bounty; in this, Sir George Paradyne’s. I did take his money with more pleasure than I did take money before ever, for I did think he was going to make himself the happiest man in the world—and me too. Pray forgive me this impertinence, madam, and if you would borrow one or both these purses, I should be more happier to part with you.”

“No,” answered Miss Colerain, “no, Fidel. If I cannot add to your little fortune, sure I will not diminish it.” So ended the contest.

The evening was spent in packing-up, and at nine the next day, a chaise rolled Miss Colerain and Susan away, upon the road to Bath.

CHAP. XXVI.

AT that hour Sir George was amusing himself with the recollection of his own levity the preceding evening, and his candour obliged him to condemn it. It was not that his behaviour had been alarming to modesty ; of this Sir George was incapable. But there was something in it improper and unsuitable to Miss Colerain, whose delicacy of situation demanded the utmost attention to politeness and decorum. He remembered that once or twice she had seemed to shew symptoms of dislike.

He

He rose not much pleased with himself, and went down to breakfast; Mr. Lindsay was preparing for departure, and asked Sir George whether he proposed it this morning or afternoon. The question came upon him mal-apropos, and he had the weakness to answer with some little acerbity; for when a man is out of humour with himself, he is seldom much in with others; and the only good reason I have ever heard for indulging, *at the heart*, the little vanities, is, that they served to keep one in good humour. I only wonder that man, the being of reason, endowed with an immortal soul, would not chuse rather to contemplate for this purpose, some of the many celestial attributes with which he has been complimented by the liberality of divines, or the works of nature, rather than of taylors. In Turkey, where the ladies

have no souls, I excuse them with all my heart.

Mr. Lindsay said, gravely, "if you have any reason, Sir George, for changing your mind, it is not for me to oppose it; only as I cannot assist you in the studies or pursuits which detain you, I beg permission to return to town."

Amongst the individuals who form the total of mankind, some few there are who have acquired a facility of being blind and deaf, when the objects to be seen and heard, are their own faults or follies; and a commodious facility it is. Sir George had not yet learned it. He blushed like a rural nymph, then taking Mr. Lindsay's hand, he pressed it, would have asked forgiveness, but not at the instant being able to speak distinctly, half a tear started, and he sat down in silence. A minute after, Mr. Fidel entered,

entered, and presented him with a letter.

In the face of the poor black, sorrow was legibly wrote. Sir George saw it, and fearing, he knew not what, asked "if Miss Colerain was well?" "I not know that, Sir, she left Combor this morning." "Gone!—Miss Colerain gone!" said Sir George, with quickness; "has any thing particular happened?"

"Not that I do know," replied the servant, and retired.

A secret consciousness struck Sir George; a confused idea that his vivacity last night might have been greater than he remembered, and perhaps the cause of Miss Colerain's sudden departure. At length Sir George ventured to break the seal, and read the following:

An occurrence of yesterday obliges me, sooner than I otherwise should have chose, to hasten into that situation

ation where I hope to pass my life in satisfied and obscure industry. I have to return my very grateful thanks to Sir George Paradyne, for his kind attention to my accommodation. I flatter myself, pure compassion for the unfortunate was his sole motive, and that those who judge otherwise, injure him as much as myself. Perhaps I should have gone away with the happy assurance it was so, had I perfectly understood Sir George last night. Fidel, my late servant, is desired to present you with this, and to take your orders concerning the house. I am unhappy not to have it in my power to reward so great attachment as this faithful creature has always shewn for my father and myself. Once more I thank you, Sir George, and wish you all the rewards of virtue.

CORNELIA COLERAIN.

It is one thing to read, it is another

ther to comprehend. All the mental powers Sir George possessed, at present scarce sufficed for the first; for the last, they were wholly incompetent. He retired to his apartment; he wondered at his own turbulent feelings; he endeavoured to persuade himself, that except so far as humanity was concerned, Miss Colerain was nothing to him; that she pursued her own predetermined mode of acting, independent of him; or if the very little he had said without intention, had alarmed miss Colerain, she was most superlatively delicate, perhaps capricious. In his opinion, this lady had by no means treated him so kindly as his benevolence, nor so politely as his rank and fortune deserved. On more mature consideration, it was clear he was the offended person, and that it became a man of his consequence, to consign her remembrance to oblivion.

But

But all things change in this world, and above all things, man. This train of angry ideas was dissipated by a phantom, in the form of a female; appearing in attitudes that give a grace to beauty, in employments that render beauty more pleasing. From its lips seemed to issue the most delightful sounds; on its left cheek was a dimple, that gave additional beauty to a smile. Thus alternately, pride gained the ascendant over love, and Miss Colerain over Sir George Paradyne. From one or two obscure hints in Miss Colerain's note, it appeared to Sir George that his gait had given her suspicion. He wished to know the truth, and in order to extract it from Miss Carlill, resolved, if she hinted at accusation, to seem for a time, rather to justify than deny it.

He found this young lady with eyes yet red, and with a face that did not wear the expressive satisfaction it used

to

to do, when he called. It is, thought he, as I expected.

"I have in my hand," said Sir George, "a very extraordinary note from Miss Colerain; it informs me she has left Combor."

"Dost thou doubt the intelligence?" asked Miss Carlill.

"Oh, no," Sir George answered; "but I don't comprehend the reason."

"What is there extraordinary in Cornelia Colerain's going where she pleases?" asked Miss Carlill.

"Nothing—nothing," Sir George replied; "the extraordinary would be in a woman's doing—what she did not please. But is not your friend capricious, Miss Carlill?"

"I dare say she is in thy eyes," the lady answered.

"Will you—can you be frank and ingenuous enough to tell me where she

“she is gone, and why she went?” asked Sir George.

“The first,” Miss Carlill-replied, “we have agreed not to tell thee; and as to the second, there is nothing more in it than that she is gone where she intended; but before she intended; and to tell thee frankly, thou art the cause.”

Good, thought Sir George—we are right. “I,” says he, appearing surprised.

“I will not,” said Miss Carlill, “keep thee in suspense. Mr. Holford called upon her yesterday in his way to the Falcon, like a good shepherd who careth for his flock; and indeed like a stern shepherd, who is inclined to beat them when they go astray. He did not trouble himself to make an apology, but told Cornelia Colerain roundly, that he had been told, that she had made an agreement,

ment, an arrangement I think the French call it, with thee."

"Good God!" said Sir George, "I hope, however, Miss Colerain acquits me of any thought of such impertinence?"

"Cornelia Colerain," answered Miss Carlill, gravely, "does not read the thoughts of others—nor does she accuse thee—only this she said, friend Paradyne, and she wept when she said it—that lower than fame and fortune could sink her, she would not sink; nor add remorse to adversity, even for George Paradyne."

"Good heaven!" said Sir George, then she does suspect me?"

"I think that cannot be said;" answered Miss Carlill, "and yet, I will own to thee, thy conversation last night was not to her taste."

"Has she an aversion to mirth and good humour?" Sir George asked.

"Not

“Not in the least,” replied Miss Carlill, “as mirth and good humour.”

“How did I offend?” asked Sir George.

“I think Cornelia told me, how lavish thy praises were upon her person. Thou saidst she had a lovely shape and fine eyes; with other expressions of similar import.”

“And is it not so?”

“It may. But I must tell thee, Cornelia Colerain does not value herself upon these things: and thy talk seemed to her to denote thy mind was more intent upon the outward than the inward form.”

“Suppose it was,” said Sir George, “sure it was no unpardonable crime.”

“Thou wilt easily pardon thyself, no doubt,” replied Miss Carlill; “and had that been all, I, at least, would have pardoned thee also; fond as the people of our profession are said to be
of

of the spirit. But didst thou not talk about one Mowbray, who had a bad wife, and didst thou not inveigh against the holy state of matrimony?"

"Perhaps," said Sir George, "I may not have the most profound veneration for it."

"Nothing more probable," Miss Carlill answered; "but was that a fit subject to talk of to Cornelia Colerain?"

"If," said Sir George, "I could ever expect to meet with liberality of sentiment in woman, and contempt of prejudices, I might expect it in Miss Colerain."

"Thou wilt be more likely to find it," replied Miss Carlill, "amongst thy women of quality. *That* liberality, do not expect to find in Cornelia Colerain. Nor do I think thou wouldst have asked it of her when she had fifty thousand pounds."

"Per-

"Perhaps not," Sir George answered,; "but my dear Miss Carlill, do reflect a moment upon our modes and customs, and tell me from your heart, does it not make a difference?"

"I grant it," said Miss Carlill,—"a difference of fifty thousand pounds."

"Pshaw!" said Sir George.

"I am told too, that customs and modes are merely prejudices; and am sorry thou canst not find that liberality of sentiment in thyself, thou requirest in Cornelia Colerain."

"You seem to plead your friend's cause with a proper quantity of zeal," said Sir George.

"Plead—plead—" answered the fair quaker with quickness—"I admire the word, and the vanity which dictated it. I must tell thee, however, if I were successful in pleading her cause with thee, I should still, poor and humble as she is, have thine

to

to plead with her, and possibly not be able to boast of my success."

"You are angry, my dear Miss Carlill," said Sir George.

"Not over pleased, I own. Yesterday I looked up to thee with respect and admiration."

"Alas!" said Sir George, humourously—"that time, as said Friar Bacon's head—that time is past. But women are very inconstant in their admiration. What did you admire me for yesterday, Miss Carlill?"

"Yesterday," answered Miss Carlill, "I took thee for a *gentleman*. To-day thou seemest only a man of birth and fortune."

"Do these," Sir George asked, "exclude the gentleman?"

"No," replied the lady, "nor necessarily include him."

The conversation went to a much greater length; but I suppose my fair readers have enough. Sir George
en-

endeavoured to tread back upon his steps, to unsay what he had said, and to convince miss Carlill, which indeed was true, that he never had the least design upon the honour of Miss Colerain. In this, Sir George had not the success he deserved. That Cornelia Colerain should be thought on as a conveniency, was insupportable to Miss Carlill; and the anger raised by this idea, shut up, for the present, the avenues of her mind to every other; so Sir George and she parted, with each a lowered opinion of the other.

C H A P. XXVII.

SIR George strode away towards the Falcon, resolved that day to leave that country, and bid adieu to love and Miss Colerain. He had to pass the white house, now his own; before it were assembled a small crowd of poor women and children, who were receiving the last of her bounty, in that part of the remaining provisions which Mr. Fidel could spare. It was received with tears, and in silence, except now and then a small voice might be heard, praying, God bless her. The scene was affecting. It put to flight the crowd of proud

and angry ideas which he had begun to indulge, and brought back Miss Colerain, her dignified simplicity, her unmerited distress; it brought back also the proximate cause of that distress, the insulting admonition of Mr. Holford. This turned his steps to the parsonage house.

It was Sir George's business to know by what authority this reverend gentleman had joined Miss Colerain and himself together in this sinister mode of marriage. Mr. Holford was not one of those obstinate people who refuse to give a reason upon compulsion; on the contrary, he was disposed to give up all the reason he had in the world upon compulsion; so without much hesitation he acquainted Sir George with the following circumstances:

His friend was a clergyman of Southampton; and being at an assembly, had gone in the intervals of dancing,

dancing, to a side room for refreshment. Five or six of their wild young men were taking off their glasses freely; one of them said, "a pretty story you tell us Claverly; damme, but I would have eat the smooth chinned young dog of a baronet, before he should have seized my first fruits so summarily."

"Oh," Mr. Claverly answered, "I am not done with the boy yet; however, in point of purse, there is no coping with the child. They report him to have twenty thousand pounds a year."

"And what are the terms, my buck?" one of them asked.

"It cannot," Mr. Claverly answered, "be less than five hundred a year for life; for to tell you a secret, I bid her that myself; perhaps the additional present of the house, which she was always fond of, might have turned the balance against me." My

friend says he did not then stay to hear more; but after that, it was for two or three days the common talk of Southampton.

Sir George left Mr. Holford's with much increase of anger, but with an entire change of its object. He sought for ease, and found it by unbosoming himself to Lindsay with full confidence. After this, he said, "I suppose you guess what must be my next step?"

"I am afraid I do," Mr. Lindsay answered.

"And you approve it?" said Sir George.

"That I cannot say," replied Mr. Lindsay.

"Shew me," said Sir George, "in your infinite wisdom, how it is to be avoided—how it is possible to avoid it with honour?"

"How are you supposed to know the report; or especially that it has
Mr.

Mr. Claverly for its author?" asked Mr. Lindsay.

"But I do know it," answered Sir George.

"It is so seldom," Mr. Lindsay said, "that young gentlemen are seized with these benevolent propensities, that one can hardly wonder the world should call the sincerity of them in question—especially when the objects are beautiful young women."

"I let the world alone," Sir George replied, "but that malignant rascal, Claverly——"

"Has judged," interrupted Lindsay, "by the most general, and perhaps by the truest rule of judging, —self."

"Curse me if I can or will forgive him for it," said Sir George. "Call me a mad man—laugh at me for a fool—any thing but persuade me from my purpose."

"If so," said Mr. Lindsay, "I cease to remonstrate. I only claim the privilege of being your second and your agent."

"Yes, — dear Lindsay," — replied Sir George, "I demand it of you on the score of friendship."

CHAP.

C H A P. XXVIII.

I AM now to beg pardon of my dear fair readers, for an intended breach of the veracity of history. I had conceived an opinion that duelling did not do honour to any human beings who had heads to reason or hearts to feel. I own therefore, I did meditate to suppress this circumstance in the history of Sir George Paradyne. Not that I did not know that a hero must have valour, and that the only way for the refined and peaceable gentleman of the reign of George the third to obtain it, or the reputation of

it, which is quite as good, is to kill his man. I was not yet become an advocate for the custom, even by these ponderous arguments in its favour; but my confined ideas have been suddenly expanded, by a gentleman of some quality in the republic of letters, who has lately done us, the humble novelists of Great Britain, the honour to put himself at our head. He has taught us that the duel is the grand support of good manners, and that a score or two of lives annually, is a cheap purchase of this precious commodity. I am convinced—for I love good manners, and do henceforth maintain, that a *gentleman* hath a natural right, from his gentility, to be the interpreter of another gentleman's looks and words, and if these are not to his taste, to pink him. This process I direct in future, to be called the pink of good manners.

After

After all, I need not have given myself so much unnecessary trouble on the present occasion; for when Sir George arrived at Southampton, he found that Mr. Claverly had that very morning set sail for Havre de grace; not to shun Sir George, for that would have been ill manners, and indeed he knew nothing of Sir George's intent; but as was supposed, on mercantile concerns.

The complaisant Sir George determined instantly to wait upon him there; and as in all the Southampton waters, there was not a vessel with sails actually spread for Normandy, he took post horses for Dover, sailed over to Calais, and on the sixth day found himself at Havre, with unpowdered hair, pulse ninety a minute, and so altogether unlike a fine gentleman, that poor Claverly must have been struck with a panic at least, had he

not by good luck been half way over the British channel on his return.

The indefatigable Sir George, enraged at this contre-tems, would have turned his back upon the first post in Normandy in half an hour, but that it pleased Mr. Lindsay to fall commodiously ill. This gentleman had not the same animating cause which Sir George had, to enable him to resist fatigue; and he had a vexation from which Sir George was exempt. He had before been chagrined to see philosophy yield the pas to love; he was equally disturbed now, to see it give way to—good manners.

CHAP. XXIX.

WHEN Mr. Lindsay began to recover, it became the principal amusement of our gentlemen, to discuss the important points of the first and second philosophy; for if man be the first, women must be the second. In the actual constitution of things, Mr. Lindsay contended, that it was best to forget Miss Cole-rain; and that to pursue Mr. Claverly, ad necem, was not christian, nor philosophical, nor just, nor humane. These points, one by one, Sir

George gave up, but still insisted it was honourable; and honour, every body knows, can rear its lofty head and stand, whilst all the virtues are falling round it.

At length, Mr. Lindsay so far prevailed, that Sir George promised, unless upon fresh provocation, he would not go out of his way to seek Mr. Claverly; after which, Mr. Lindsay recovered with double velocity, and very soon arrived with Sir George at his seat at Dennington, in Suffex.

He found there Lady Mary and his sister. The latter he certainly loved with the most sincere affection; Lady Mary he strove to love, but there was something more than commonly repulsive in her manner to him, so that his virtuous propensity received perpetual checks. Still he desired to pay her all the duty of a son, and was

not therefore sorry to find her at Dennington.

Immediately on his arrival, he sent up a proper message of respect, desiring permission to attend her; Lady Mary granted this permission, but remembering Mr. Lindsay, her son's disobedience, and her own dignity, she received him with that awful and chilling stateliness, such a remembrance was likely to inspire.

After the first salutations, Sir George said, "your ladyship makes me happy to find you here."

Lady Mary answered, "It must be owned, Sir George, you take an early and polite method to let me know I am in your house."

"Bless me, Madam!" said the really astonished Sir George, "this is so strained an interpretation, that—that—I am afraid, Madam, I have not the power to say any thing agreeable to you."

"I

“ I should rather suppose you had not the inclination. You can hardly have forgot—I am sure I never shall—your undutiful behaviour before you left town, about that odious fellow, that Lindsay, with whom I hear you have been rambling all over the country; I hope you have thought proper to leave him behind you now.”

“ He is with me, madam, and desirous to pay his respects to you.”

“ Here, Sir George!” said Lady Mary; “ and have you really had the cruelty to bring into my presence, a man who had the audacity to affront Lord Aufchamp, and who is the cause of dissention betwixt you and me.”

This was a proper place to shed tears, and Lady Mary shed them copiously. They affected Sir George—not quite indeed in the manner Miss Colerain’s had done, but so as to make him earnest in his assurance of duty.

Lady

Lady Mary said, " she expected a better proof than words could give; she expected the dismissal of a man so odious to her."

Sir George answered, " he would take care Mr. Lindsay should not give her personal offence; and added, for he could not totally conceal the impression this behaviour made upon him, " nor himself neither." Saying so, he bowed, left the room, and ordering horses, took Mr. Lindsay, in order to accommodate him at his uncle's.

Here they found Miss Paradyne, who had called upon her uncle, in her morning ride. She ran into his arms, murmuring " Oh my dear unkind brother, where have you been so long, and not a line to your poor Emilia?" Sir George excused himself as well as he could, and then announced Mr. Lindsay to her.

She,

She, with great sweetness, said, "you are welcome, Sir; I hope we shall make Dennington agreeable to you."

Mr. Lindsay answered, "he had now an additional reason to regret his exclusion thence."

"I am sorry, Sir," she answered, "Lady Mary, I suppose, brother?"

"Yes, Emilia," Sir George replied. "I know my uncle will be glad to accommodate my friend."

"He will," answered Miss Paradyne; "he has spoke of Mr. Lindsay with much pleasure. But I must lament Lady Mary's prejudices."

"Let it be mine to lament, Miss Paradyne; I should be unhappy to excite your concern," Mr. Lindsay said, not with the air of a man of letters, but of a gentleman.

Miss Paradyne answered, "I am much obliged to you, sir." Then, with a smile to Sir George, "For so grave

grave a personage as a tutor, brother, Mr. Lindsay is sufficiently gallant."

"See your power, Emilia," said Sir George. "Mr. Lindsay is not himself at present, he is most natural in the character of a cynic philosopher; neither the moral fabric of man, nor the silky fabric of woman, are to his taste."

"Thank you, Sir George," said Lindsay; "it is to prevent Miss Paradyne's falling in love with my didactic face, that you chuse to dress me thus, I suppose."

"I shall certainly do it for novelty's sake," replied Miss Paradyne; "our present beaux are so sweetly panegyrical, that I am absolutely sick of my own beauty and accomplishments."

"A rare disease indeed," replied Sir George; "but depend upon Lindsay for a cure."

Sir

Sir George now went in to his uncle who was confined by a gouty complaint, and having acquainted him with the purport of his errand, the old gentleman said, "Why, George, I like him; you could not have brought any body to please me so well; he spoke like a man to that Lord Aufchamp, I remember. I shall offend your mother, I suppose; but curse me if I had not rather do it than not, so send him in to me, he shall have the best apartment in my house."

Things being thus settled, Sir George took leave, and rode home with Miss Paradyne, who said, "I wanted to see this Mr. Lindsay, and now I have seen him, I find myself disappointed."

"You expected to see a man?" said Sir George.

"Yes," replied Miss Paradyne, "with an oracular face; with the
pride

pride of learning situated upon his brow."

"This, sister," said Sir George, "is a direct inversion of the rules of physiognomy. You conceive the character first and then fit it with a face; but how did you come by the character?"

"You," said Miss Paradyne, "spoke of his learning; Lord Auf-champ and Lady Mary of his pride. Amongst you, I was much perplexed to form an opinion; when I did, it had more of admiration in it, than so dutiful a niece and daughter ought to have entertained."

"Thank you, dear Emilia," said Sir George, "and it is a very pretty, and rather new idea, that opinions are to be governed by consanguinities."

"I did not expect, however," Miss Paradyne said, "to have seen so handsome a man, nor of so polite and easy manners."

"He

"He can," replied Sir George, "be all things to all men, as far as the exterior goes; but it is not for every body he will take the trouble to be polite and easy; and indeed it is pity he should ever be put out of his way; which is that which approved good sense and integrity direct. Would you believe it, Emilia? in a situation which makes nineteen parasites out of twenty men, this Lindsay has never once subscribed to my opinion, when it was not his own, nor has had the complaisance to refrain from pretty free remonstrances, whenever I have happened to do that which I ought not to have done."

"I shall certainly like him extremely," said Miss Paradyne.

"You had better not," replied Sir George; "he is a widower, a man of misfortunes, all originating from woman, and is something of an infidel as to the celestial attributes, with
which

which sublime poets and sublime lovers decorate the fair."

"I believe I shall not like him extremely," said Miss Paradyne. More conversation was prevented by their arrival at the hall.

C H A P.

CHAP. XXX.

SIR GEORGE's birth-day approached, and Lady Mary had always expressed her intention that it should be splendidly kept. Sir George was of opinion, that so soon after the death of his father and brother, it would be adding indecency to vanity. Lady Mary thought this was a reflection upon herself, and said she needed not to have the memory of her misfortunes intruded on her on every occasion. God help her! she thought but too much of them on her own accord. There was young Lord S. had a birth-day, though his father had been

been dead only five months, and it was nine since she had lost her dear Sir Jeffery.

Sir George said, "that unless the example met his approbation, he did not see the necessity of following that of Lord S. or any lord."

Lady Mary replied, "she knew perfectly well what was meant by any lord. He need not take such odious pains to shew the small respect he had for her or her relations."

"I am afraid," Sir George said, "your ladyship will make speaking too difficult for me to venture upon. I did not think of Lord Aufchamp; and by no means of offending your Ladyship."

"Sir George," Lady Mary replied, "any thing may be denied, or glossed over; but I cannot always be commodiously blind to an affront, nor commodiously credulous, when it is endeavoured to be explained away."

"Then,"

“Then,” said Sir George, “my only resource is silence.”

Without hearing this, Lady Mary continued: “I consulted Lord Aufchamp about the day, who said it was absolutely necessary, as it gave you an opportunity to keep up your political connections, and brought you acquainted with half your county at once; he also said, that although in the affair of that impertinent fellow, that Lindsay, you had not behaved to him with proper deference, he would forget every thing, and come down to do you honour upon the occasion.”

“Honour!” said Sir George.

Physiologists know—some of them but too well—that when the angry blood rushes from the heart into the face, it takes the tongue in its way, and puts it in violent motion, before the brain can issue its counter orders. Sir George had determined that in no future conversation, should the least
asperity

asperity escape him towards his mother; so he stopt short at the word honour — then said, “ Lord Aufchamp, madam, is well known to have formed his party. My intention is to be of no party, but form myself by what I can find good in both.”

“ Nonsense !” said Lady Mary. “ If Lord Aufchamp has formed his party, it is because he is convinced *that party is the right.*”

“ I do not doubt it,” Sir George replied, “ and when I am convinced too, I suppose I shall act according to conviction.”

So the dialogue went on; and as it brought no conviction to either of the disputants, Lady Mary sent off to Lord Aufchamp a letter complaining of Sir George’s obstinacy. Lord Aufchamp thought the matter of so much importance, that he hastened to answer it in person.

He met his nephew all smile; for

he was not like some kings of former days, who would go no road to what they wanted, but the high road of authority. He said the most obliging things that could be said; and he even extended his complaisance so far as to enquire after Mr. Lindsay, and to express his regret that that gentleman and he should misunderstand each other. For his part he liked a man of independent spirit. Men of liberal ideas always forget the little contentions arising from contrariety of opinion.

Although Sir George might not, perhaps, give Lord Aufchamp credit to the full extent of his polite language, he was very well pleased to hear it, for he loved conciliation and had no particular desire to be at variance with his uncle. Lady Mary too, being privately, though with some difficulty, convinced by Lord Aufchamp, that it was better Sir George should
take

take his own way with that Lindsay, she was so good to desire that gentleman might be invited to the Hall; for she durst say, upon better acquaintance she should like him very well.

On this important subject, a council was held at Mr. James Paradyne's, who very liberally damned the project and its contrivers. Sir George spoke eloquently, and proved that forgiveness was a true christian virtue, and recommended even by catholic divines, except in the abominable cases of heresy, and contumacy, respecting spiritual decrees.

Mr. Lindsay said, it was one thing to lay aside resentment, another to court the hand that wounded, to wound again.

Miss Paradyne observed, that tho' the disposition might still remain with Lord Aufchamp, the occasion was probably gone for ever.

Mr. Lindsay said, he was more dis-

posed to yield to the wishes of so amiable a persuader than to her reasons; but that he could not see why it should be her wish.

To this Miss Paradyne answered, that a man of Mr. Lindsay's good sense must be an agreeable addition to any society; but added, that in this request, she was more directly selfish: "For you must know," she continued, "that I have the honour to be umpire in the little disputes which occasionally arise betwixt my mother and uncle; the chief source of them is this young gentleman's perverseness, and his indolence in the business going forward, though it only regards himself. Now I am often unhappy in my arbitration, and seldom please either side; no wonder, therefore, that I wish to decline the honour, and bestow it upon Mr. Lindsay."

"Well done, Emilia," said Sir George; "this is, I suppose, what
I adie

ladies call bestowing favours upon gentlemen."

"Certainly," answered Miss Paradyne, "and I dare say Mr. Lindsay will tell me, any pain endured for my sake will be pleasure."

"Without doubt," replied Mr. Lindsay, laughing, "but how Miss Paradyne will put me in a way of enjoying that pleasure I cannot conceive."

"Nothing so easy," replied the lady; "I am convinced Lord Auchamp's Friendship would flow in full stream upon any man, who would give him hopes of governing this headstrong youth *the right way*; and I hope Mr. Lindsay will do this for my sake."

Words from beautiful lips, all men know, can persuade full as well without reason as with it.—So Mr. Lindsay went to the Hall.

CHAP. XXXI.

IN my first exhibition of Lord Auchamp, he might not, perhaps, appear to my fair readers so polite a man as a lord ought to be. I now hope they will think better of him, especially when I assure them, he persisted to the last-hour of his stay in this most charming mode of behaviour; complimented Sir George on his capacity for distinguishing men of sterling merit, and when he ascended his chaise, shook Mr. Lindsay cordially by the hand, and assured him, nothing could make him so happy as to give him an opportunity of

of shewing how sincerely he was his friend.

Now this pleased Sir George, and one would think must please every body, for it is the true current politeness, and being made up of grace, (I do not mean the grace of God) smiles, bows, and other small-cloaths of the mind, and put on with so much ease; I wonder any man should prefer that other unregarded sort of politeness, which consists of a real feeling the wish to serve and please, and therefore not in every man's power.

Now such a man was Lindsay. I despair of bringing this man into favour with the ladies; and must confess he has few or none of those shining qualities, by which their favour is usually acquired.

Lord Aufchamp having taken leave, Sir George was more at leisure to consider his sister, who, tho' occasionally gay, sighed frequently,

and indulged herself in the solitude of groves and grotts.

A rumour had reached Sir George's ear, that Miss Paradyne was soon to be married; but it was so incredible that he should hear of this only by a rumour, that he considered it as unfounded. He was, however mistaken; Lord Aufchamp had the goodness to look out for his niece, and by a singular circumstance operating on the young lady's delicacy, added to the daily mortifications she endured from her mother's temper, she was induced to give a passive consent to her will and Lord Aufchamp's. Her little story is this :

One evening at Renelagh, the party she was with was joined by a young gentleman, of a genteel person, and amiable manners, whose good sense and free elocution, rendered him an agreeable and entertaining companion. His name was Birimport, and he had
latel-

lately returned from abroad. Of Miss Paradyne he took considerable notice. Once afterwards she saw and danced with him at the Pantheon, and received from him rather more attention and assiduity than in such accidental circumstances is usually given or required.

One day Lord Aufchamp calling upon Lady Mary, and entertaining her with some news of the town, said abruptly, "a propos, Emilia, I believe I have to congratulate you upon a new conquest."

"That is well, my Lord," said Miss Paradyne, smiling through a blush, "some great man I hope, who will make me the envy of my sex."

"If great wealth, great merit, and great talents, are to the taste of a young lady, I should hope Mr. Birimport may not be disagreeable," said Lord Aufchamp.

"Oh," replied Miss Paradyne, with

a deeper blush, "these things are charming as well as great. How have I had the good fortune to attract his notice?"

"I think," said my Lord, "he saw you at the opera."

"Perhaps at the Pantheon," replied Miss Paradyne; "I think I danced there with a gentleman of that name."

"Ah, well!" said his Lordship, "but that was not the place to exhibit such talents as his to the best advantage. How did he appear to you?"

"Very well for a partner," Miss Paradyne replied, "he seemed sensible, and not deficient in politeness."

"He is," said his Lordship, "of extraordinary good sense, of a good family in the West of England, and possessed of large fortune, acquired in the East; he has great political connections, and commands two boroughs."

roughs. At a ministerial dinner the other day, he gave Miss Paradyne for his toast; and understanding I was her uncle, desired to be particularly introduced to me. I had the satisfaction to find his sentiments and my own very similar. He was eloquent in your praise, Emilia, and said it would complete his happiness to be known to Lady Mary, and to be permitted to visit here with hopes, provided, on better acquaintance, he should prove agreeable to Lady Mary and yourself. What say you, Emilia?"

"That I am not in haste to be married," answered Miss Paradyne.

"That is no answer," said Lady Mary. "I desire, my Lord, you will act as you think proper. Emilia ought to be much obliged to you, for condescending to interest yourself about her. As to my approbation, that I know is little to be regarded."

"Dear madam," said Miss Paradyne,

Paradyne, "how can you suppose that?"

"How?" answered Lady Mary, "why, from experience. There was Lord M's son, and Sir Charles Brandcote's; there was Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Clayton; I approved of these, what then? one was effeminate, one wanted understanding, another good-nature, and another good-manners; I was a fool; I ought to have forbid their addresses; then we should have seen you upon the high road to Scotland long ago. There is not a mother in all England doats upon her children as I do, and not one that meets with so much contradiction and ingratitude."

Miss Paradyne wept, and was silent.

Some days after, Lady Mary and Miss Paradyne dined by invitation at Lord Aufchamp's. Several strangers were present; one, a tall, thin, emaciated

ciated gentleman, about the middle age. He talked little, but that little was expressive. Though his look was sickly, his eyes were keen and penetrating, with a small degree of wildness in them. Miss Paradyne almost started, when she heard him addressed by the name of Birimport. A second thought gave her the idea of its being the father or uncle of the gentleman she had seen; and this idea made her blush. However, though this gentleman attended the ladies to coffee and stayed some time, he took no particular notice of Miss Paradyne. She even left Lord Aufchamp's without being undeceived; but found her error on the road, by Lady Mary's congratulations. "Your happiness," says this lady to her daughter, "is as secure as any happiness can be in this mortal life; a man of Mr. Birimport's fine sense and fine fortune falls but to the lot of few."

Would

Would to heaven I was not one of the few—Miss Paradyne would have said, if she durst have spoke;—but she was surpris'd and embarrassed. It occurred to her that she had owned she had seen a Mr. Birimport, and had even spoke rather in his praise. If she objected to this Mr. Birimport as a gentleman she did not know, or did not like, it would follow that there was another Mr. Birimport whom she did know, and perhaps did like; and she by no means chose to lay herself at the mercy of such an interpreter as her mother.

It must be owned that Miss Paradyne had indulged rather too much in the contemplation of the amiabilities of the Mr. Birimport of the Pantheon, and she did not think the less of them for the fine sense and fine fortune of the other; but another discovery, which she made by chance in a conversation with her bosom friend, Miss Hatley, rendered her almost

almost indifferent as to the foolish things of this world, and consequently acquiescent to the will of her mother. It was nothing more than that the Mr. Birimport who had had the honour of taking her attention, was not of the same family with the other, and that he was a young man of small fortune, which he was upon the point of meliorating by marriage with Miss Perry, a city lady.

A few days after, when Miss Paradyne went down to dinner, without any previous notice given her, she found at the table Lord Aufchamp and Mr. Birimport. It was a small party, and Miss Paradyne had more leisure to attend to Mr. Birimport. He talked more to-day. If his conversation had a fault, it seemed to be the peremptory tone of decision and importance.

After dinner Lord Aufchamp made one excuse to withdraw, and Lady

Mary another. These were awful preparations to Miss Paradyne. They frightened and vexed her. Love is never so welcome to young ladies, I presume, as when it lies in their way, and they find it. Mr. Birimport however appeared perfectly cool and temperate; and without any of the timidities of love, addressed her thus:

“ I presume it has been hinted to you, Miss Paradyne, that I did not wait upon Lady Mary to day, merely to dine. I am at present too much occupied, to permit me to waste time in the common courtesies of those who have little to do. But the essential purposes of life and happiness must be attended to. I saw you at the opera, and thought you beautiful; I enquired of you, and learned that wisdom and good humour were more decidedly yours even than beauty. Since that hour, whenever I have thought of hap-

happiness, your idea has always been joined with it.

“But you have happiness to seek as well as myself, and it is possible it may be totally incompatible with the union I seek. I know it is presumption in me to suppose that I have any thing to compensate a too great disparity of years, and an infirm constitution. But I have been taught that you have refused birth, rank, and affluence, joined with accomplishments to which I have no pretensions. I have therefore concluded you had a mind which rested its happiness on private virtue rather than public splendor.”

Mr. Birimport stopped here and seemed to wait an answer.

Miss Paradyne said, “that the affectation of trifling with a man like him would be preposterous; that she would imitate his candour at least, if she could not his good sense. She thought

thought the marriage union required a more perfect knowledge of each other, than at present they could be supposed to have. That advanced years and growing infirmities were undoubtedly not recommendations, and possibly might prevent her ever being able to acquire those sentiments for him, which every woman should feel for the man she marries."

Mr. Birimport said, "that an object like himself could not be supposed able to raise those sentiments, but by a thousand delicate attentions which marriage would give him an opportunity of paying."

After a great many fine and pretty things of this nature had been said on both sides, Mr. Birimport found himself permitted to say them over again; which is, I believe, a concession that every lover considers as much in his favour; so having rehearsed them a few times more, and Miss Paradyne con-

conceiving it better to be Mr. Birim-port's wife than Lady Mary's daughter, gave a sort of consent, which authorised the customary writings to be drawn ; and as she supposed they were now finished, she expected Mr. Birim-port every day to claim his reward.

All that was necessary of this, Miss Paradyne related to Sir George, who, embracing her tenderly, asked, " if she had found any reason to change her opinion of Mr. Birim-port ?"

" I cannot say I have," answered Miss Paradyne, ; " Miss Hatley indeed had heard he was subject to hypochondriacism ; but it would be silly to expect perfect health in any man, either of mind or body."

" What then," Sir George asked, " makes you uneasy ?"

" I am not absolutely uneasy, brother," Miss Paradyne replied, " tho' I am not absolutely content ; what vexes me most is my mother's prohibition

bition to make you acquainted with it."

"This," said Sir George, "is astonishing; "what cause did she assign?"

"Only," answered Miss Paradyne, "that you were rash and headstrong; that you would interfere without any judgment; and perhaps undo what Lord Aufchamp and herself had done with united wisdom."

"I am excessively obliged to my mother," said Sir George, "and if my sister desires it, I will certainly confirm her prediction."

"No, dear brother," answered Miss Paradyne, "I will not carry my caprices so far. Mr. Birimport has a right to expect I will fulfil my engagement, and I will fulfil it. All I ask is my brother's consoling affection."

"It is," said Sir George, "entirely yours."

C H A P. XXXII.

LADY MARY had the condescension to join Sir George, Miss Paradyne, and Mr. Lindsay at breakfast the next morning, when she told Sir George she expected company to dinner.

“Any of our neighbours, madam?” asked Sir George.

“No;” Lady Mary answered, “Lord Aufschamp and a Mr. Birimport from town. He comes down to marry your sister.”

Mr. Lindsay was at this instant carrying a cup of coffee to his mouth. It is probable the abruptness of the infor-

information hurt his comprehension, the coffee scalded him so severely that he dropt the cup.

Lady Mary was near dropping hers from anger. "This is really being monstrous awkward," said she. "You have broke me a set that every body has admired; Count Tunstein made me a present of it; it is the finest Dresden, and cannot be matched in all London."

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Lindsay.

"What signifies being sorry," said Lady Mary; "when people come to other people's houses, they should learn how to behave."

"I go to learn," said Mr. Lindsay, with a bow, and immediately retired.

Sir George made the most vigorous resolutions to have no sort of contention with his mother. One sudden impulse or other broke them. So it hap-

happened now. "Madam—" says he, rising in disorder, then stopped, sat down, and covering his face with his handkerchief, gave way to a mingled mass of emotion, formed of anger, sorrow, filial duty, and fraternal love.

"I wonder," said Lady Mary, "what I am to be madam'd for now? I suppose I must not speak to that Lindsay, because he is such a favourite. He may well be a favourite; I dare say he does nothing but flatter you. He never opens his mouth to tell you any thing you do amiss, I dare answer for him. And it is only because I give you good advice, that you hate me and cross me in every thing, and bring a man into the house to mortify me and break my things."

"Heaven grant me patience!" said Sir George.

"Why what's the matter now?" cried Lady Mary. "Heaven grant me

me patience, if you come to that; sure I have need of it, when I must not speak to my own children, but they fly into passions, as if the fault was mine, not theirs."

"Is it my fault," said Sir George, "that my only sister is engaged in marriage without my knowledge? is it my fault that my friend is treated like a school-boy, and driven from my house?"

"Why, as to the first," answered Lady Mary, "I wonder what business you have with it. She is my daughter, not yours. And for the other, I declare I think that man was born for nothing but to make mischief; and I shan't be easy whilst he is in the house."

"I beg you will be easy, madam," said Sir George, "after this morning, our united families have not where-with to bribe him to stay. And permit me to say, that as I am only
made

made miserable here, I must rid you of my presence also. Emilia—one word with you in your dressing-room.”

Miss Paradyne overflowing in tears, gave Sir George her hand. Lady Mary became furious, and commanded her daughter not to stir from her presence. Sir George gave her a tender kiss, left the room, and in an hour the house, along with Mr. Lindsay.

As to Lady Mary, when calmness came, it was very near bringing penitence along with it; but penitence is only for faults; and the acknowledgement of this, even to herself, was too painful for Lady Mary to bear; so she ordered her chariot, and drove to a few of her most familiar neighbours, just to complain that she had the most undutiful son upon earth; that her daughter was going to be married, and she was the unhappiest of women.

Whilst she was performing this agreeable exercise, Sir George and Mr. Lindfay taking leave of Mr. James Paradyne upon the road, were some miles upon their way to London.

C H A P. XXXIII.

IT is possible my fair readers may imagine, that the lovely Miss Colerain has slipped out of Sir George's memory, or mine; for it is, I find, a sort of maxim with the dear creatures, that a man in love does not perform the duties of his station, unless he goes mad some way or other—upon disappointment. Now
Sir

Sir George Paradyne being in his perfect senses, could not be in love.

I never said he was, dear ladies; at least, I never said love was his sole passion. As a man may love and be very hungry, he may love and be very proud. Probably this was Sir George's case. For there were times when he could not deny the possession of his imagination to Miss Colerain—especially in the dark night—so friendly to love. Then it was she seemed formed for the very direct purpose of making him happy; then, he constantly debated the question, whether solid happiness was not better than empty fame. Then, he as constantly decided that it was—till day, and London, and Lindsay, introduced a contrary association of ideas.

And this is the prerogative of man! always to oppose the shield of reason; a shield that defends him against the passions—like a bulrush.

But whatsoever becomes of love, men, whilst they are in their senses, should think of paying their debts. Sir George did, and declared his intention of going to Southampton, to finish with Mr. Merrick for Combor White House.

Associated with the idea of Combor White House, was that of a row of chesnuts, Miss Colerain's favourite walk.—Of a summer-house adorned with works of genius, works of Miss Colerain's hand.—Of a painting there, representing a man suspending his rural labour, and mute with astonishment and fear. Two men had just entered his cottage, sent by the steward of the manor, to take an equivalent for rent. His wife was brought to bed of twins the evening before. They did not take her bed from under her—no—they did not; whatever else they could find they did take. Miss Colerain heard of this distress, and

and at that time, to hear and to relieve, was with this lady, the same thing. By her means, the man is now in possession of a moderate farm, and always blessing his benefactress, lives in comfort and happiness.

Is it a proof of love, dear ladies, that Sir George was seized with a desire, almost to longing, of indulging himself with a sight of those inferior objects, which Miss Colerain, now far distant, had endeared to him?

As Sir George was not an adept in the royal and noble arts of simulation and dissimulation, the fluctuation of his mind, though not all his actions in consequence of it, were well known to Mr. Lindsay. Now Mr. Lindsay thought more of Mr. Claverly than Miss Colerain; but as he did not chuse to assign this as a reason for Sir George's not going to Southampton, he found it necessary to have recourse to arguments of a different kind; and

against tender sentiments, to support the pride of wealth and family, from which Sir George was by no means exempt; nor perhaps any of the sons of men. At length Mr. Lindsay conquered, and got himself substituted for Sir George, for the business at Southampton.

When he arrived there he found all things ready, and himself expected. Having settled the account, Mr. Merrick delivered him certain writings to sign, and wished him, as is customary, joy of the purchase.

"I thank you, sir," Mr. Lindsay answered; "a friend's joy ought to be our own."

"But you are the immediate purchaser," said Merrick.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Lindsay.

"You sign as principal," said Mr. Merrick; "your own name is every where inserted instead of Sir George
Para-

Paradyne's. To say the truth, our first instructions were to make the conveyance to Miss Colerain. We did so; and we did it with sorrow—for we were told it was the price of the lady's honour; we have since had reason to believe our information was illfounded. Ten days since we were favoured with Sir George's orders to substitute you for Miss Colerain."

"I cannot accept it," says Mr. Lindsay, walking about in disorder.

"That, sir, is your affair, not mine," Mr. Merrick replied; "I own I do not see the impossibility. But I beg pardon, sir, I don't presume to offer my advice; both the gift and the refusal being without a precedent in my office."

Mr. Lindsay considered a moment, then signed, and took the road to Combor. The next morning he made a visit to Miss Carlill.

C H A P. XXXIV.

HE was received by this lady with a most fullen civility; for she imputed to him some part of Sir George Paradyne's sentiments respecting her friend. Mr. Lindsay asked, "if he had been so unfortunate as to offend?"

"Not in thy own person," Miss Carlill answered, for she always spoke what she thought; "but I did not admire thy friend's conversation the last time I saw him."

"Of what nature was it?" Mr. Lindsay asked.

"Of

"Of a licentious nature;" she answered.

"I do not know," said Mr. Lindsay, "that Sir George is guilty of a licentious action. But Miss Carlill will scarce wonder he should catch some portion of the prevailing sentiment of the day."

"If sentiment leads to action," said Miss Carlill, "it would become thee to endeavour to prevent all that is improper."

"I hope I have so endeavoured," Mr. Lindsay replied.

"I wish thy success had been greater," said Miss Carlill. "Once indeed I had a higher opinion of George Paradyne than of any man; and because I had, I wished him united to Cornelia Colerain."

"That union I thought improper," said Mr. Lindsay.

"So I suspect," replied Miss Carlill; "and perhaps it was owing

principally to thee, it did not take place."

"I do not know that," said Mr. Lindsay, "what influence I had, I own frankly I exerted against it."

"On the old ground of inequality, I suppose," said Miss Carlill.

"Partly that, partly his early age," replied Mr. Lindsay.

"If the world goes as I am told it does," said Miss Carlill, "thou would'st have done better not to have exposed him so much to it. Cornelia Colerain would have formed him to virtue better than all thy philosophy."

"I learn by this," said Mr. Lindsay, "that Miss Carlill has a great opinion of the influence of her sex over ours; and a little one of the merit of divine philosophy."

"Not a great one, I own," said Miss Carlill; "for I have never yet seen it govern any man. If it had that power, I also should call it divine.

vine. In my mind, Cornelia Colerain would govern better than the passions."

As the conversation proceeded, Miss Carlill's reserve wore away; and Mr. Lindsay related to her his business at Southampton, and his surprise.

"Perhaps," said Miss Carlill, "thou wilt find a solution of that enigma in this copy of a letter, which Cornelia Colerain sent through my hands to friend Paradyne:"

SIR,

I have your favour inclosed by Miss Carlill. In the offer you make me of Combor White House and precincts, with fifty pounds, paid quarterly, I have no right to suppose you influenced by any motive but generosity and compassion; especially as you add a promise never to see me—if I so decree. But permit me to ask you, Sir George, upon what pretence I can accept so liberal donation. You are not my relation.

Our families were total strangers to each other. No tie subsists between us, which could justify so glaring an indecorum. Even if it could be justified to the world, it could not to myself; and I think you will allow that self approbation ought not to be bartered, even for a crown. I thank you therefore, gratefully and sincerely. Farther than this I cannot go. To hear of Sir George Paradyne's happiness will always add to that of his obliged humble servant,

CORNELIA COLERAIN.

“What dost thou think of this?” asked Miss Carlill.

Mr. Lindsay answered, “that it became Miss Colerain so to write.”

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXV.

THE morning in which Mr. Lindsay left London, Sir George spent in reflection, not upon the things he ought, but upon those he ought not. Weary of an internal civil war, he dressed and strolled to a neighbouring coffee-house, where he met a Mr. Lake, with whom he had a slight acquaintance at Oxford. This gentleman was designed for the church; and being now in mourning, Sir George did not distinguish between the canonicks of a young divine, and the

the elegant fables of an heir. "So Jack," says he, "you have put on your clericks, I observe, you are ordained, no doubt."

"Yes," Mr. Lake answered, "heaven and my old grandmother be praised, I am ordained to be a gentleman. My mother's mother, Mrs. Fielding, a good old lady, in whom time and accident had concentrated the greatest part of the fortunes of her family, has been pleased to die, and leave me forty thousand pounds, on condition of my taking the family name. So here I am—John Lake Fielding, Esquire, at your service."

"I wish you joy sincerely," said Sir George.

"I thank you," answered the other, "and faith I have it. A curacy of forty pounds per annum, is a splendid establishment, no doubt; but a man may live altogether as well upon the solid basis of forty thousand. I
had

had always this notion, and looked up to my grandmother with prodigious veneration, in consequence of it. I have great obligation to my father for begetting me; it would be impious to deny it; in other respects, his paternity was null and void. He died, and left me for an inheritance my grandmother's love; without reflecting upon the changes and chances of this mortal life; and how possible it is for an old woman to think wisely one day and foolishly another. Luckily the good old soul continued in possession of wisdom to her dying hour. How indeed should she do otherwise? I wrote her a weekly discourse, in which I scattered sundry small pieces of greek and latin. My most abundant topic was the follies and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; and the felicity of attaining a state of wisdom. How difficult this was to youth. How

I had known but one individual, wife early in life, and that a woman, good as wife. I took care also that, without writing her name under the picture, my dear grandmother should not mistake this woman good as wife. So much pains deserved a reward. Whilst living, she paid alma mater for my milk; and died before an hundred. Heaven rest her soul, she was the wisest, best of women."

"I think," says Sir George, "in your presence her wisdom cannot be decently denied; and to this sad event it was owing, I suppose, that I have now the pleasure to see you in town."

"No, Sir George," Mr. Fielding replied; "you owe it to my fraternal piety. My grandmother's will excited an unhappy mania in my elder brother; he did not think it according to the fitness of things, that he, the head of the family, should have but
five

five hundred a year, and I, the tail of it, fifteen hundred. So he modestly desired me to give him ten thousand pounds. I told him I durst not presume to be wiser than my grandmother. So he sent me a challenge; I, more addicted to love than war, ran piously hither."

This specimen of John Lake Fielding's vivacity, happening to take Sir George's taste, he demanded his friendship. The demand was granted, and he promised, at Sir George's intreaty, to dine with him that day in Grosvenor-square.

At home, Sir George found an unexpected guest, Lady Mary just arrived from Dennington. She desired him not to be surpris'd, that the anger of a mother was but short lived. She had reflected. Perhaps she might have been wrong. No woman could be sooner convinced of her errors. A little misunderstanding usually happened

pened in all families. That was no reason why a mother and son should live separate till he was married. His house ought to be under the government of some prudent female, and she knew none so proper as herself.

Now Sir George had himself often made this latter reflection, and had often sighed to think Lady Mary's temper rendered her not this proper person; or that his own was not fitted to bear her provocations. The idea of variance with a mother was intolerable; and he would bear any thing, he could have borne to have lived with her on amicable terms.

These being Sir George's sentiments, he was rather surpris'd than displeas'd at Lady Mary's appearance in town. He received her therefore with much respect, and even thanked her for her condescension; her good humour rose to its highest pitch; she received Mr. Fielding very graciously, and

and they all dined together in great harmony.

But this apparent change in Lady Mary's disposition, did not proceed from her own heart, but from Lord Aufchamp's head. He came down to Dennington to honour the nuptials of his niece; and Lady Mary entertained him with bitter complaints of her son. He knew something of his sister's temper, and it was easy to perceive, even from her own account, that Sir George had been justly provoked.

Lord Aufchamp piqued himself, as every good politician does, upon being a manager of men; and he found that he succeeded best, not by telling them of their faults, but of their virtues. He told Lady Mary therefore, that she was the best and fondest of mothers; that he was certain, had it not been for Sir George's precipitance, she would have conceded a little, rather than have suffered a breach.

That

That it were much to be wished young people were more wise and docile, but that since they were not, it was the more incumbent upon wise parents to bear their follies, and shew them patiently the way to good. That he knew this was Lady Mary's own opinion, and that her actions would be always wise and prudent, if she had time for reflection.

As to the wedding, all things had gone on pretty well; for Miss Paradyne wept only in private. The bride and bridegroom proceeded to a seat of Mr. Birimport's in Wiltshire; and were every day expected at their house in Portland-place.

C H A P. XXXVI.

TO keep Lady Mary at the highest pitch of good humour that was possible in nature, required only these few things: to eat, sleep, and digest well, to live in the most superb style, and to subject the wills of all about her to her own.

It was in the last article she had found the principal obstructions; servants would sometimes presume to swear they would not be slaves to pride and caprice; and even the gentle Emilia would sometimes demur, and sometimes pout.

Not-

Notwithstanding Lord Aufchamp's excellent advice, and more excellent mode of giving it, as he could not administer it every day, Lady Mary sunk into her old habits, and saw plainer and plainer how wrong Sir George was, and the necessity of parental admonition. It was usually administered at the hour of breakfast. One morning she saw him disposed to be unusually pensive. Doubtless that was the properest disposition of mind to benefit most by her labours. It was true, her periods were wasted on the desert air. Not that Sir George had obtained the useful power of hearing or not hearing, at will, but because he was totally engrossed by the remembrance of a vision. It was of a female all in white, standing before the door of Combor White House which was shut against her, and which she looked at with a pity-moving eye; she turned that eye upon Sir George, then

then again to the excluding door, and when he was going to address her, vanished like an angel.

Lady Mary had said much, without observing Sir George's auditory nerves to be out of order, and had still much to say, when Mr. Fielding called to invite Sir George to a walk. Politeness required that she should stop a minute to rehearse the every day courtesies of good breeding; this done, Lady Mary resumed her discourse, not doubting they might benefit Mr. Fielding also. He, who had a certain humour of his own, appeared to listen with the most respectful attention; and when Lady Mary seemed disposed to conclude her admonitions, said with a serious air, "he was sorry, extremely sorry, his friend had given occasion for it, which he concluded must be the case, he said, from his penitent air; otherwise he hoped to be the better for Lady Mary's documents as long as he

he lived. Many things which had fallen from her lips, might be put up in churches, in golden letters."

Sir George blushed, rose up, and went out of the room. Lady Mary shook her head, and said, "she should be a happy mother, if Sir George had been blessed with Mr. Fielding's docility and reverence for the precepts of wisdom."

Mr. Fielding in return, owned "that he had never heard so good things from any of the heads of colleges in Oxford; nor were better to be found in Tully's offices, or even in Antonine's Meditations. That she had nothing to do but repeat them sufficiently often, and they could not possibly fail of persuasion." So saying he made his reverential bow, and went to join his friend.

His friend, instead of meeting him with the applause he expected, met him with rebuke. "Fielding," says he,

he, "Lady Mary has foibles, but it can never be agreeable to me to see them exposed, and herself subjected to ridicule."

"Good," answered Fielding, "she has the honour to be your mother, to be sure; and having benefited the universe by bringing you into it, has a right to be exempted from all taxes the rest of her life."

"Dear Fielding," said Sir George, "I am content to be the butt of your satire in my own person, but spare me in that of my mother."

CHAP. XXXVII.

MR. Fielding's company was this morning less agreeable to Sir George than usual. They parted, and he fell again into contemplation of his vision of the night. — And have I, said he, given away that little paradise, so late Miss Colerain's? the furniture she occupied? the beds in which she slept? the ornaments with which she decorated that palace of sweets? her very picture? these were the texts, from which Sir George had the dexterity to deduce a mass of sermonic matter, as well calculated to grieve his heart, as any heart could wish.

Whilst

Whilst he was thus delightfully disquieting himself, a chaise drove to the door with Mr. Lindsay. The first person he saw belonging to the house was Lady Mary's footman. His inquiry was answered by the information of Lady Mary's arrival; so he ordered to drive to his old lodgings in Bloomsbury, which luckily were vacant. The impatient Sir George followed, with an intention to persuade him to overlook Lady Mary's caprice, and reside in Grosvenor-square. Mr. Lindsay begged to decline it on two grounds; his own comfort; and what was of much greater importance, not to give Lady Mary so great a cause of losing her temper. The argument was short, for Sir George was soon convinced, and what is extraordinary in a young academician, acquiescence followed conviction.

This point settled, Mr. Lindsay looked at Sir George with a certain

look, and said, "you have given me leave to point out to you an erroneous intention; will you have the goodness to bear my accusing you of erroneous action? This parchment will bear witness against you. How could you, Sir George," continued he smiling, "put it out of your own power to oblige Miss Colerain, if you should ever find her disposed to be obliged?"

"Because," said Sir George, "she has rejected my kindness; twice rejected it."

"Respect her delicacy, Sir George," Mr. Lindsay replied; "attention to decorum is so proper, and so lovely in woman, that philosophy itself can scarce condemn it, even when founded upon erroneous notions."

"Your opinion of this lady seems changed," said Sir George; "what has caused it?"

"No," answered Mr. Lindsay; "no, Sir George. I never said any thing

thing personal against her. It was against marriage I spoke. It is possible I might do you an injury by the advice I gave. But it is not given to man to see into futurity. I meant your benefit. As a woman, Miss Colerain is one of the most amiable. As being without family or fortune, improper for you."

"I want not family or fortune," said Sir George.

"No," Mr. Lindsay replied; "the world would chöse to want them for you; and you have not yet resolved to brave its opinions."

"Had you used no other arguments," said Sir George, "it is possible I might have been more governed by inclination. You objected my youth, and still more properly, my ignorance. Let us suppose now that I was seven years older and wiser, should you then object to my seeking my happiness with Miss Colerain?"

“ Oh certainly no, Sir George,” answered Mr. Lindsay, “ affection that had borne the test of such a time must be firm. Then also, it would have the appearance of being, what indeed it would be, the result of mature deliberation. Now, it would be ascribed to the impetuosity of youth.”

“ Seven years,” said Sir George, smiling, “ is an eternity to a lover.”

“ I will make you an abatement,” answered Mr. Lindsay, returning his smile, “ in favour of love—and Miss Colerain.”

“ Say what you will, Lindsay,” said Sir George, “ you have certainly changed something in your sentiments concerning this lady.”

“ I always thought her most amiable,” answered Mr. Lindsay. “ I have had nothing more than a confirmation of that opinion. They have talked much of her of late. The ladies abuse her, especially the hand-

some and fashionable. So proud, she paid very little attention to the card parties of the first families in Southampton. She was not a beauty neither, with all her pride; her forehead was too high, her nose too concave, her fingers too long. For taste in dress, she had none, absolutely none; always limping after the fashion; neither in nor out. So far the ladies. The gentlemen joined the ladies in abusing her for pride. It was true she was a sweet pretty girl; and there was so much neatness and propriety about her, that whether in fashion or out, she always seemed the best dressed lady in company. But d—n her pride, she behaved to men as if she thought no man worthy] of her."

"The whole secret," says Sir John Avery, a respectable old gentleman with whom I dined at Merrick's, "is this: Miss Colerain had the most active mind, Mr. Lindsay, you ever

knew in woman, and was seldom pleased or satisfied, but when she was doing something with this mind, or for it; always advancing in some art or science, she was not at her ease in the act of doing—nothing. How should the ladies like her?"

"Upon my soul, Sir George," continued Mr. Lindsay, "I should blush internally at the thoughts of becoming possessed by law, of Miss Colerain's right by equity. And what should I do with it? I cannot occupy it; and poverty itself should not make me sell it, whilst I know Miss Colerain, wandering, unsettled, and distressed."

"Well," said Sir George, with a moistened eye that beamed gratitude upon Lindsay; "I own I have been a penitent in this particular, ever since your departure. These deeds you shall cancel, and Merrick shall make the conveyance to me. Then let us see
what

what power less than Miss Colerain's, can take these favoured premises from me."

In return, Sir George presented Mr. Lindsay with a deed of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum for his life.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

MR. and Mrs. Birimport arrived in town. With this beloved sister, Sir George spent many of his hours. He looked often and attentively at her, to see if he could find happiness in her eyes. He did not find positive misery there, nor did he chuse to ask questions, which might

eventually produce it. As to Mr. Birimport, he was almost inaccessible.

Lady Mary Paradyne, as she had lost many of the most valuable years of her life, by living in the country, was determined to make herself all possible amends. One porter was scarce sufficient to receive, and two footmen to deliver, those important cards and messages by which the essential business of greatness is conducted. It might have been hoped that so much agreeable occupation would have left no room in a lady's mind, for regular and systematic ill-humour. Every man, whose education has not been very ill conducted, has learned to bear the little agreeable asperities of the gentle sex, not merely as a necessary evil, but as a variety, vastly conducive to female embellishment, and consequently to man's felicity. But Lady Mary's asperities were not these evanescent things; nor could Sir George, though

though assisted by Lindsay and Seneca, learn to bear them. It was more easy to learn to avoid. In consequence, he was seldom at Grosvenor square, except from twelve at night to twelve at noon; and Lady Mary, fond of repose, would scarcely give herself the trouble to rise so early, more than once or twice a week, for the edification of an ungrateful son.

How young gentlemen spend that time in London, which mothers do not superintend, my fair readers may know as well as myself. To taste, betwixt one and two P. M. the fragrant breath of incense-breathing morn—to admire with connoisseural eyes, pictures at an exhibition, or old china at an auction, to lounge in the coffee-house, to loiter at the booksellers, to trifle at the toilette of some sweet Parisian, to dress, to dine, to see the ladies at an opera, or the ladies in ———; these things fill up the

void of time, till the hours of business at Brooks's arrive — those charming hours, when dignity takes its nap, when love and ambition cease, when the soul is alive to nothing but the animated joys of thousands lost or won.

But it happens to some young gentlemen, to pick up in the course of their education, certain moral and rectitudinal notions, which they cannot divest themselves of all at once. Some little time is required to change, even good habits into bad; so that I hope it will form no violent contempt of Sir George's faculties, if it shall appear, that he did not, in one winter, learn all the university of London can teach; though I own, no university brings forward its genteel pupils with more facility.

One morning lady Mary having requested, by a note, Sir George's company at her breakfast table, in-

stead of honouring him with admonition as he had expected, surprised him with the agreeable account that his uncle, Lord Aufchamp, would do him the honour to dine with him that day. Lady Ann Brixworth would be of the party, and a few more ladies and gentlemen, not more than twenty at the utmost, for I know my dear, said she, you don't love crowded dinners.

Lady Ann Brixworth was an heiress, and having received an heiress's education, was, I suppose, what every lady of quality aspires to be—a sparkler. Few ladies could boast superior talents. What she wanted in wit, she compensated by vivacity; and if her judgment was not of the most solid kind, she had very white teeth, and the prettiest pouting lip that could be desired. Her range of ideas too was as great as that of the generality of people of quality, who are not under the necessity of studying any thing but trifles;

trifles; and how to give these trifles a brilliancy and distinction, which may make them pass in the world for things of the very first importance; a point in which they succeed very well.

For the rest, Lady Ann was not a beauty, and it was well. She had a competent proportion of vanity without that addition. She had danced a minuet with one of the princes of the blood. She had been noticed by the king and queen. Since when, the royal family was the charming topic of her eloquence.

The dinner was well conducted; for Sir George had a good cook, and Lady Mary, doing the honours of a genteel table, was perfectly in her element. Very wise observations were made, both concerning French wines French sauces, and French cambrics. After dinner Lady Ann Brixworth took the lead; and having observed that the count palatine of C—

was

was a well-looking man for a foreigner; that a star was a charming ornament; and that the duke of Orléans danced in a princely manner, she made a transition to love; and those who were not acquainted with the recent intrigues of the beau monde, became so now, in the most agreeable manner. Every one seemed pleased, every one paid a tribute of applause to the vivacious Lady Ann, except Sir George Paradyne. He, unfortunately, had stumbled into a reverie, occasioned by a comparison of Lady Ann Brixworth, the heiress, the ornament of the beau monde, with Miss Colerain. Lady Ann was piqued; and as titled beauties usually assume what privilege of language they think proper, she said to Lady Mary Paradyne, in an audible whisper, "how philosophic Sir George is to-day, Lady Mary? how judiciously he has chosen his time and place for meditation?"

"Sir

“Sir George bowed, and thanked Lady Ann for her particular notice.”

“Oh,” she answered, “it is not a distinction in your favour.”

“To be any how distinguished by Lady Ann Brixworth,” Sir George replied, “is an honour.”

“Why you creature you,” said Lady Ann, “I was told you had your first essay in compliment to make. If this be it, you will make a figure in time. But what is the cause one hears so seldom of you in the ton?”

“It is,” Sir George replied, “because I am at present only in my A, B, C, and for first elements, one does not require such eminent masters as Lady Ann Brixworth.”

“Oh,” Lady Ann answered, “some of our beaux must hide their heads, when you come to your primmer.”

“With such a preceptress, I should
take

take my learning very fast," said Sir George.

"And I," answered Lady Ann, "should be delighted with such a pupil."

The consequence of this was, that Sir George found himself insensibly engaged to make one in her ladyship's train.

CHAP. XXXIX.

WHEN the company rose to form their card parties, Lord Aufchamp, whose time was too precious to be so spent, desired, before his chariot drew up, half an hour's
con-

conversation with Sir George in his library; where, when they were seated, Lord Aufchamp began gravely thus:

“Hitherto, Sir George, I have found it difficult to make you conceive, that I had a more material interest in you than mere consanguinity can give. You have rather shunned me as an enemy, than courted me as a friend; but I wish not to revive a grievance, or say any thing the least disagreeable, I only wish you would observe, that your succeeding to my coronet is not an improbable circumstance. Both Lord Willingcourt and the Colonel are devoted to the bottle. I scarcely expect the first will be able to compleat the grand tour; and there is great feebleness in the Colonel’s constitution. For these reasons, I cannot help considering you sometimes as the probable heir to my estate and title, and am therefore the
more

more solicitous you should enter the political world under my auspice."

Sir George imagined he saw something concerted and artful in this preamble, and did not doubt but Lord Aufchamp's view was personal or political interest of some sort or other. he was therefore something prejudiced against any proposition, and determined to be upon his guard. He answered, "that if he entered the political world at all, it must be under no man's auspice. He begged his Lordship would excuse him in this particular; but he was fixed in the resolution of never engaging in political concerns at all; or with perfect freedom of judgment and of action."

"Very well," Lord Aufchamp answered, "you will see your error one day, but no more of that. How do you like Lady Ann Brixworth?"

Sir George, a little struck by the abrupt oddity of the question, replied,

"why,

“ why I don't know, my Lord ; very well I believe.”

“ She is a charming woman, and universally admired. You know I was one of her guardians. Her fortune passes for one hundred and sixty thousand pounds, but in reality is not more than one hundred and forty thousand. I had many solicitations for liberty of addressing her. I kept them away by management ; for to say the truth, I thought of her for Lord Willingcourt. She is past twenty-one, and says she will not marry before twenty-five. I fancy, Sir George, by the help of my influence, you might persuade her to break that resolution.”

Sir George thanked his uncle, and said, “ he found in himself no inclination at present to marry. He did not wish to depreciate Lady Ann's merit. At present he had not perceived in her that sort of merit to which he was most attached ; and as
he

he did not want fortune, fortune would be no allurements."

"Young men," Lord Aufchamp said, "think they display a mighty gallant spirit of disinterestedness, by pretending to despise money. For his part, he thought, a man who knew its use, could never have too much. His own fortune was too much confined for the support of his rank and importance. Very often he had found the inconvenience of it. Indeed he had been obliged by some great occasions to dip considerably. Nay, he was at that very time under the necessity of taking up ten thousand pounds. He had mentioned this to his sister, who said, she believed Sir George had it in his power to serve him."

Sir George replied "he had, and would order that sum to be sold out of the funds whenever Lord Aufchamp pleased."

"My dear nephew," said Lord Auf-

Aufchamp, pressing his hand; I knew you would not refuse me. Indeed I don't believe there is that thing in my power, which I could refuse you. Apropos, Mr. B. is dead; one of your members for the borough of Niltown. We had intelligence this morning. If you don't stand yourself, do me the favour to permit me the next nomination."

"I do not understand," replied Sir George, "why you should ask that as a favour, which under a certain qualification, is the right of all his Majesty's subjects, peers excepted."

"But," says Lord Aufchamp, "a simple qualification is not sufficient. He ought to have an interest with his constituents."

"I think he ought, my Lord," answered Sir George.

"This interest," said Lord Aufchamp, "you can supply."

"I have indeed," said Sir George, "much of the property in that borough, but certainly the votes of the inhabitants are not included in it."

"Sir George," said Lord Aufchamp, "it is not worth your while to set up for a virtue the times will not bear. The price of your borough, if you chuse to sell it, would be four times the value of your property in it."

"I shall never make it an object of venality, my Lord," said Sir George.

"I have known," answered Lord Aufchamp, "many young statesmen profess this inflexibility of public virtue; not one who did not change it."

"I am sorry for it," said Sir George, "and wish great men better minds."

"Did your Greeks and your Romans," resumed Lord Aufchamp,
"who

“ who said these fine things, practise them ?”

“ Once they did,” Sir George answered.

“ I wish,” said Lord Aufchamp, rather peevishly, “ I wish, Sir George, you would be content to take the world as it is.”

“ I must, my Lord,” Sir George answered.

“ Then,” said Lord Aufchamp, “ you will oblige me in what I ask ?”

“ Never, my Lord,” answered Sir George, with emphasis that marked his displeasure at the request, “ you see me ready to accommodate your Lordship with what is my own. The free votes of my fellow citizens are not my own.”

“ Upon honour,” said Lord Aufchamp, correcting a little emotion of anger, “ you are an inflexible young man. Well, — remember the other point,

point, and do not forget Lady Ann Brixworth; so good even."

"Good even, my Lord."

CHAP. XL.

THE ostensible mistress of the house in which Lady Ann Brixworth resided, was a Mrs. Harcourt, widow of a younger brother of family, who, to a small patrimony, having added a place under government, of two thousand pounds a year, with perquisites, made a hard shift to live.

Mr. Harcourt died, leaving one son, a lieutenant in a regiment of

foot. His widow, reduced to a revenue of three hundred pounds per annum, managed to live in London with great virtue and discretion, about two years, when she found herself insensibly a thousand pounds in debt, without being able to conceive the possibility of such an event.

Just at this time Lady Ann Brixworth arrived at twenty-one. She had been placed by her guardians in a respectable family who resided chiefly in the country, but usually came to London three months in winter, to partake of its diversions moderately.

Lady Ann had no taste for moderation. A superficial education, and early flattery, had given her but one passion, that of vanity. No sooner mistress of herself and fortune, than she sought a more abundant gratification of this than a sober family allowed. Mrs. Harcourt was a distant relation. Lady Ann visited her when
in

in town, admired her freer manners, and longed to imitate them. She knew her distresses and relieved them; proposed an association of pure friendship; and finally settled herself in a large house in Cavendish-square, under Mrs. Harcourt's auspicious protection. Here were assembled all the innocent pleasures of the ton——dress, cards, and scandal. Under the rank of a countess, scarce any lady could boast of more crowded routs than Mrs. Harcourt; and no lady could boast more conquests than Lady Ann Brixworth.

Lady Ann was not an idiot; very far from it. She had to be sure some of the greatest disappointments in life, as all ladies have. Her gens de mode would sometimes rack her with their horrid want of taste. There were some times when her friseur was no better than a blockhead Englishman. Her down bed was sometimes suspected of being made up of mere geese's feathers.

thers. She herself was apt to be taken, in the morning, with a most distressing languor; and her mirror, in a morning also, had the unpoliteness to reflect an image, so unlike that of the preceding evening, she could scarce recognize it for her own.

These poisons of the felicity of the great excepted, and a few, perhaps, which might arise from envy, or a little uncharitableness, Lady Ann was happy enough. All that she much desired, she had. Love, the refined love of the poets and sentimentalists, she knew nothing of. She was a lady in her own right. It was scarce in the possibility that marriage should enlarge her enjoyments; it was much more probable it might diminish or control them.

So at present thought Lady Ann; and Mrs. Harcourt, who knew well the value of such a way of thinking, endeavoured to strengthen it by frequent

quent conversation ; railed at the laws for giving such unreasonable power to man, and collected stories of all the morose husbands and poor distressed wives within the bills of mortality.

Such was the enviable situation of Lady Ann Brixworth, when Sir George Paradyne inlisted himself in her train ; and soon acquired a distinguished preference over his rivals in gallantry. To him was now given the honour of her hand to the chariot, and a seat next herself in the box ; but the most enviable of all his distinctions, was admission to the early part of her toilette, before she was visible to the admiring world.

This partiality on the side of the fair lady, and some little assiduity on the part of the gentleman, produced the usual effects. It began to be clear that the reign of gallantry was near its close, and that Sir George was the happy man. The newspapers

ventured to announce it to the universe; and Sir George received the congratulations of Lord Aufchamp, and something of the same nature from Lady Mary; but accompanied with a stately remonstrance for the manifest omission of filial duty, in entering into so important an engagement without her consent.

Lady Ann herself had not the least doubt but her conquest was compleat. Her only debate was, whether she should give up her darling liberty, even to the amiable Sir George Paradyne. It was indeed true, that Sir George had not yet actually made the essential declaration; but it was because love, true love, was timid; and timidity still made a part of Sir George's character. About this, she gave herself no pain. All that opposed her growing inclination, were vanity, and Mrs. Harcourt.

To Sir George, it were captivating,
no

no doubt, to carry away a prize disputed by coronets. What young man could resist such a gratification of his vanity? For the rest, the more he appreciated the merits of Lady Ann Brixworth, the less he was inclined to enter with her into any ties, but those of gallantry. Comparisons would enter his head, even when he was little disposed to make them; and Miss Colerain only rose the higher in Sir George's scale of estimation, the oftener these comparisons were made.

Amongst Sir George's rivals we must reckon Count Colliano of Turin, and the Marquis de Valine in Dauphinè. Not that they could form to themselves any probability of success in such a suit, but not having in their own countries fortunes suitable to their titles, they thought it better to travel, and dispose themselves to receive the favours of fortune in any place, or in any form. Men of infinite courage,

they would have fought for Lady Ann from the Rhone to the Po; but their business in England depending upon their politeness, they did not chuse to offend any man, much more a man of Sir George's importance. I must indeed, do justice to their courteous humanity; they were always readier to play than fight. In this humour they were liberally indulged at Mrs. Harcourt's, and together with Sir George and Lieutenant Harcourt, a gay careless lad, with a blunt humorous oddity about him, constituted that set of familiar visitants, in whose favour, the ceremonies which keep the polite world at such a well bred distance, were dispensed with.

The free and odd good humour of the young lieutenant, was extremely pleasing to Sir George Paradyne. An intimacy commenced betwixt them, which might be called a friendship; not so strong as that of Pylades and Orestes,

Orestes, but pretty well considering times.

C H A P. XLI.

FOR my part, says the Count one day, when these four gentlemen were en famille with Lady Ann and Mrs. Harcourt, it was in answer to a humane sentiment which had fallen from Sir George; "For my part, I do not know why so much sensibility should be lavished upon the Canaille. The common herd want nothing more than mere animal gratification."

"If they are satisfied with that,"

G 5

said

said Sir George, "it is pity no government will contrive they should have it with rather less labour, and in something greater abundance."

"It is absolutely necessary," the Marquis observed, "that the greater part of mankind should labour; or how should the finer spirits invent and enjoy all the arts of elegance."

"The finer spirits, according to your thesis, Monsieur le Marquis," said Sir George, "must be all those who happen to be born to affluence."

"Sans doute," the Marquis replied, "religion teaches us that heaven has its elect, upon whom it showers down all earthly blessings. If I happen to be one of these select, ought I not to enjoy the bounties of heaven. My Chateau is upon the finest spot in all Dauphinè; the finest province in the world; upon the banks of the Rhone, the grandest river in the universe. My hills are covered with
vines;

vine, my pastures with flocks, the golden grain waves through the whole extent of my domains. On the one hand I have Lyons, famous for its labours to adorn beauty, on the other Marseilles, where a thousand vessels pour out the wealth of the East. What then? is it incumbent upon me to take care that my horses, cows, hogs, and peasants should fare as well as myself?"

"By no means," said the Lieutenant; "humanity is an accidental circumstance in a man's disposition, perfectly natural, and not too frequent. It is not incumbent upon any man to have it, but it is, to have the finest chateau in the universe, if he can get it. Yours is in Gascony, you say?"

"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur Harcourt," said the Marquis; "no, in Dauphinè."

"Indeed!" said the Lieutenant; "nay, I own my want of geography.

I thought all this sort of French chateaus had been in Gascony."

The Marquis did not blush, nor attempt to put himself in a passion at this gross mistake of the Lieutenant's, which many a man would have done, nor was he in haste to answer; so that it gave the Count time to slip in, and perform the Italian gasconade, which he did very much to the satisfaction of the ladies.

He allowed that the Marquis's chateau was ravishingly beautiful; but for the grand and majestic, he must beg leave to prefer his house upon St. Salvatore's Hill. Turin to the North, Genoa to the East, and the Mediterranean to the South. What mortal eye ever saw such a situation, *pour la beauté pittoresque*!

The Count and the Marquis thus proceeded to praise their respective countries, their chateaus, each other, and themselves. Mrs. Harcourt expressed

pressed her admiration by declaring, "that were she young and rich, she should of all things like to travel and see such charming places."

"So," said the Lieutenant, "should I—if they were to be seen."

"Sir," says the Marquis.

"Sir," says the Count.

"A little of the embellishment," cries the lieutenant, "must be allowed to travellers, and a little more for lovers."

"It is well, Monsieur le Capitain," said the Marquis; I imagined you thought proper to question the existence of my chateau in Dauphinè."

"Oh no," replied the Lieutenant, "I could not possibly be so unpolite; could I, Lady Ann?"

"You can be careless, Harcourt," Lady Ann answered.

"And cannot you, my dear Lady Ann?" asked the Lieutenant. "Not," continued he, that I desire to abridge the
the

the privileges of the rich and fair; and their's it has been, ever since I can remember, to be careless not only of what they say themselves, but of what others say of them."

Lady Ann gave her head the quality tofs.

"Are there human beings," asked the Count, "who can speak of Lady Ann Brixworth, but in terms of approbation?"

"If I knew any such!" said the Marquis.

"People may be careless of what they say sometimes," said Harcourt.

"Will you, in your censorial gravity," said Lady Ann, "be pleased to inform me what they say, or rather what you say for them?"

"Me, Lady Ann! this accusation of me, your devoted slave! how could you, dear Lady Ann, say any thing so immensely cruel? Me, who have adored you openly for many many months,

months, and fighed in secret for years; me, whom cruel love has wasted to skin and bone! Dear Lady Ann, when will you put an end to my torments?"

"Impertinent!" said Lady Ann.

"Oh! but I know not whether impertinent means next week or next month; however, I am devoted to your will, and ready whenever you please to call."

"Stay till then," answered she.

"Yes, Lady Ann; but for pity's sake don't let it be long. Think what happiness you are preparing for me and yourself by so judicious a choice. Delays are dangerous; young men volatile. Where can you expect to meet with another lover like me? one that would indulge you so readily in all your pious wishes. Your two hundred thousand pounds, added to my three and six-pence a-day, will provide us with all the decent

cent comforts of life. "The pomps and vanities of this wicked world, I know you despise as I do. I know how you pant after piety, and wish to exchange your cards for prayer-books. I am not a man to refuse you the indulgence of such reasonable wishes."

"I wish, Charles," said Mrs. Harcourt, "you would not indulge yourself in such wild unprofitable talk."

The Lieutenant had taken out his watch. "I make it an absolute point to obey you, madam," said he, rising. "But dear Lady Ann, let the words you have this day heard be engrafted in your heart; and so adieu, adieu, adieu."

As Sir George had an appointment this morning, he rose also, and taking leave, went out with the young officer; to whom he said, "you have surpris'd me to-day, Harcourt. Is it that you dislike the Count and Marquis,

quis, that you have made this attack upon them to-day?"

"I had not much reverence for them, I own," said the Lieutenant, "and this morning's rhodomontade has not served to increase it."

"Oh! forgive them this little fault," said Sir George, "they are men of politeness, and not deficient in understanding. But perhaps you consider them as lovers. You are not afraid either of them should carry off Lady Ann?"

"I know, I think," said the Lieutenant, "one who has it in her power to prevent it. May I take the liberty to ask you a question, Sir George?"

"I am rather offended that you ask that liberty," answered Sir George. "We are friends, I hope."

"It is," replied the Lieutenant, "my pride to think so. Has Lady Ann attached your heart?"

"No,

"No, Harcourt," answered Sir George.

"Do you design her your hand?" asked the other.

"I have no such design," replied Sir George.

"You are here then purely for amusement?" said the Lieutenant.

"Purely," Sir George answered; "one must be somewhere."

"I own," said Harcourt, "I do not admire the academy, though my mother is professor. You play; may I ask with what success?"

"One would not win money of ladies," said Sir George, "that would not be to make one's self agreeable; and as to the foreigners, I own they are much my superiors."

"I dare say they are," said Harcourt, "have you lost much?"

"Not above a thousand or so," Sir George replied.

"A

"A thousand! ah, Sir George!" exclaimed the officer.

"Why yes, Lindsay has been at his ahs too," said Sir George. "To say truth, I am not well pleased with myself. I hoped I should have detested gaming. I think I should have resisted all temptations from man. Fielding, who has the rage, has never been able to seduce my virtue; but woman,—lovely woman.—

"Ah," said Harcourt, "beware of men, and especially of Counts and Marquisses, who have splendid chateaus. Be cautious, and forgive my impertinence."

CHAP. XLII.

SIR GEORGE's appointment was to meet a Mr. Sampson at Mr. Birimport's. He had taken some pains to cultivate the friendship of his sister's husband; but Mr. Birimport was generally inaccessible. Never seen at any of the theatres, at any coffee-house, or any route. This Sir George attributed to business, to a soul superior to the arts of trifling, and capable of drawing amusement from its own fund. But Mrs. Birimport was become a recluse also; and for this Sir George could not account.

Friday

Friday morning was a kind of levee day with Mr. Birimport, when he condescended to be visible to his most intimate friends for one hour. Some weeks before Sir George had happened to be present at one of these hours; when this Mr. Sampson spoke with some acrimony, not only against Mr. Hastings, but against the whole system of East India corruption.

Mr. Birimport, who chanced to be in one of his talking humours, said, "it was now no longer necessary to have been in India, to be thoroughly acquainted with its accumulated miseries. The orators of the House of Commons have furnished a copious supply to our coffee-houses and taverns; all resound with complaints of speculation unnoticed, and inhumanity uncurbed. I, who have been upon the spot, see with different eyes. To me, this ferocious delinquent, now at the bar of the Lords, appears to
have

have received from heaven an uncommon portion of wisdom, and to have used it politically for the service of his country; and, as far as his influence extended, benevolently for the service of mankind. I have known his cares, watchings, solitudes; I have known his magnanimity, and I have said, "certainly this man has supernatural powers."

"But," say his enemies, "the people are oppressed." Yes, with ease, plenty, and indulgence. "He murdered Nundcomar." Yes, by law. "His crimes were as black as his hue; a money-gripping rascal, who betrayed his friends, and, for half a lack of rupees, would have betrayed himself."

"What a coil," continued Mr. Birimport, "they kept about the Begums; foolish and vain women, always desirous to raise disturbances; and pulling, like the rest of their silly sex,

sex, when they found themselves perfectly inconsequential."

Sir George stole a glance at his sister, who did not appear to notice this polite compliment.

"And," Mr. Birimport continued, "they rail at Hastings for taking bribes; as if it was incongruous in the nature of things, to receive a reward for performing a service. Are bribes and recompences then the same things? let them look round in their own assembly; there are amongst them, I apprehend, men who know the intrinsic difference.

"But Mr. Hastings was disobedient to the orders of the directors. The devil must have been in him, if he was not. One ship orders him to the right, another to the left. Their public letters all sermonics, preaching over the ten commandments. The private, Euge, 'well done, thou good and

and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of thy lords."

This harangue Mr. Sampson answered with a smile, and rising to go; the rest of the company also rose and took leave. Sir George said to Mr. Sampson as they walked, "Mr. Birimport has been quite eloquent this morning; and is, I perceive, a most determined supporter of Mr. Hastings."

"He is not always loquacious," said Mr. Sampson, "nor always a defender of this gentleman. If I should meet you there again, Sir George, it may be in my power to shew him you as the accuser of Mr. Hastings, and the declaimer against Indian politics."

Since this time Sir George had always taken a very polite notice of Mr. Sampson, and they had agreed to meet at Mr. Birimport's this morning, and to dine together in Grosvenor-square.

A gentleman present, at Mr. Sampson's private request, began an harangue

rangue in praise of Mr. Hastings, of whom he made a demi-god; to abuse the managers of the house of commons, came in course; and he concluded by drawing a flattering picture of India prosperity, and the superior happiness of the inhabitants under our government, compared with that under the native princes.

If Sir George thought Mr. Birim-port eloquent before, he thought him more so now. Whether panegyric be a less potent subject for oratory than satire; or whether these were his true sentiments,—this gentleman was now warm, animated, and pathetic: he painted Mr. Hastings's delinquency in the blackest colours; drew the wretched condition of the natives under our government; did not spare the directors; and had very little complaisance for the board of controul.

Lady Mary happened to dine out, and as Sir George had no other com-

pany, he had opportunity to make what enquiries he thought proper of Mr. Sampson, respecting his brother-in-law.

"I am sorry," said he, "to see Mr Birimport so immersed in business. He has no time for friendship and social enjoyment.

Mr. Sampson replied, "That it would be more proper to say, he had no taste for them. His first passion is to be a man of importance. His necessary business lies now in small compass; his humour is to be thought to have a great deal.

"A man of his good sense," said Sir George, "might keep up his importance, and probably encrease it, by mixing more with mankind."

"That I do not know," Mr. Sampson answered: "he has good sense, no doubt; but has not variety of knowledge. In the East he acquired more things than money. A habit of command,

mand, which he can scarce remember to lay aside when speaking to free people. An overbearing pride, which renders it necessary to his own happiness, to be always the dictator of the company. — It is, perhaps, to some little affronts he has received, on account of too magisterial a behaviour, that his inaccessibility is owing. He must domineer some where. Englishmen will not let him do it abroad; so he stays at home to indulge himself in this humour.”

Sir George trembled for his sister. “ I suppose then,” said he, “ his domestics have not the easiest of lives with him.”

“ You shall hear,” said Mr. Sampson. “ I wanted a servant. A Scotsman applied, who told me he was leaving Mr. Birimport. We agreed on terms, but I required a character. Mr. Macreith brought me one next day in these terms: ‘ The bearer is an honest

man for any thing I know ; with more learning than is wanted for a valet de chambre ; and more pride than is requisite for any service. Signed T. B."

" I suppose," says I, " Mr. Macreith, you owe the loss of Mr. Birimport's place and favour to this pride he speaks of here.

" Indeed I do," said the Scotchman. " Weel as my countrymen are said to bear slavery, I found Mr. Birimport's too heavy. The East has spoiled his eye-sight ; so that he cannot ken the defference between a free mon and a slave."

" Mr. Macreith," said I, " your notions may be too free to bear servitude in any degree ?"

" Sir," answered my learned valet, " I cannot answer that question, till I get a definition o' servitude. As soon as I left school, I became footman in Lord Glencairn's family ; I rose to be his gentleman, or valet de chambre. I

ay

ay considered this to be a contract betwixt my lord and mysell; on his part, to find me subsistence, and a sma' spell o' money over; on mine, to perform the offices that are implied in the names of footman and valet de chambre."

"It is," said I, "the true idea. How long did you live with Lord Glencairn?"

"Eleven years and three months," Mr. Macreith said, "and he dissolved the contract by dying in my arms. I loved him," continued this honest fellow, the tears springing from his eyes, "I loved him muckle weel. He was my countryman, and did na' take it amiss that I had a smattering o' leetters.

"And Mr. Birimport did, I suppose?" said I.

"Indeed and he did," replied Macreith, "and mony a foul taunt I had on this hede. This I should na'

ha' minded, gin I could ha' speered his humour; but that was aboon my abilities, tho' I took lesson o' phyfiognomy from Mr. Lavater himself, as I stood behind his chair; for he dined often with Lord Glencairn, who lived at Laufanne three years; but the lines of Mr. Birimport's face, and the bones of his scull too, deceived me ten times a day. This body is broken doon, and I could have pitied him for that wi' all my heart, gin his mind had na' been lifted aboon awreasonable height; but it's no easy task to learn to plaife a mon who has na' learned to plaife himself. There is na' eend of his variability. King Solomon could na' ha' spoken wiser than he, when right in his hede; nor any king mare lik a fu' when the blue deels are about him.

“Hypochondriacism is a true disease, Mr. Macreith,” said I, “and deserves our pity and relief.”

“I

"I should na' deny his right to compassion," Macreith replied, "gin his pourses o' plaguing his domestics were exerted ainly when he suffered himsell. Ane day he sent his groom to Smithfield with an auld coach horse; and I was sent after with orders to sell him for ten pounds. I did so, and twa mare. I laid him down the money, and expected applause at least.— And so, Sir, says he, you have presumed to disobey my orders?"

"As hoo, Sir?" I asked.

"I think Sir," says he, "I ordered you to sell the horse for ten pounds."

"Sure enough you did Sir," says I.

"And you sold him for twelve?" said he.

"Sure enough I did," answered I.

"Then Sir, for the future, I request that you will learn precision in your duty, and obey me according to the letter."

“Sure enough I will Sir,” said I,
“in aw sic like cafes.”

Ane fine frosty mairn, he had chosen to walk doon to Leadenhall-street. A thaw came on, wi’ snaw and fleet. So I sent the chariot to bring him hame; and sure enough it did. He sent for me into his presence, and said,—you know his way, Sir,—“By what authority, Sir, did you presume to send out the chariot.” I could ha’ said, by my mistress’s; for I had her approbation; but I suppressed this, for I ken’d well she had enough of the like sort of her ain: So I answered, I thought Sir, on sic an occasion, a little care o’ my master would na’ be taken amiss.”

“Sir,” says he, “you are here to act; not to think. I desire to instruct you, Mr. Macreith, if you are not too learned for instruction, that I wish nobody to take the trouble of thinking here, but myself. It is sufficient that I assign you and the rest of my domestics,

meffics, the executive power ; the legislative I chufe myfelf."

I could not help laughing at this, which encouraged my talkative valet ; who continued thus :

" One day he ordered me into Wapping, with a meffage to the captain of a vefel. The day was cold and moift, and I had happened to take a little mercurial phyfic. I told him fo, hoping the commiffion might be deferred till next day."

" And fo Sir," fays he, " you have been taking mercury."

" Yes Sir," I answered, " but for no fhameful diforder : I affure you it is what the apothecary pleased to give me for a little inward complaint."

" Then Sir," fays he, " I muft take the liberty to tell you, and your apothecary, and your phyfician too, if you please to have one, that no domeftic of mine fhall take phyfic, but by my prefcription."

CHAP. XLIII.

SIR George, after this conversation, could not be easy till he had seen his sister; till he had related a part of it, and expressed his fears that she was less happy than she ought to be.

“My dear brother,” Mrs. Birim-port answered, “do not be alarmed on my account; I shall do very well. It is true, I mistook Mr. Birimport. His good sense I took for an indication of all the virtues; and I imagined that if I married all the virtues, I might very well dispense with some accomplishments. But, my dear Sir George,

Mr. Birimport is rather an odd than an ill man. His caprices are partly the effect of infirmity, and partly of that tyranny which is said to be so easily learned in the East. However, were he much worse than he is, I am his wife, and know my duty.

"But, my dear sister," said Sir George, "one sees you no where. You do not partake of the pleasures of society, by way of compensation for disagreeable hours at home. I suppose Mr. Birimport has commanded this; and you think it your duty to obey."

Mrs. Birimport assured Sir George, that he was mistaken in his supposition. "I go," says she, "where I please, without Mr. Birimport's interference. Only at my return, he is apt to make very sensible and keen observations, on the nature of pleasure and dissipation; which, in order to avoid, I chuse to stay at home. After all, I may per-
H 6 haps

haps be benefited by the deprivation, and taught to depend upon my own proper energies for happiness; a lesson which most fine ladies, like myself, might possibly learn with advantage; and who knows but the little impediments thrown in the way of our inclinations may not be benefits in disguise."

Sir George was, undoubtedly, pleased with the rectitude and magnanimity of his sister's sentiments. Embracing her tenderly, he conjured her not to suffer too much; and depend upon his affection for relief, whenever she found it expedient to seek it.

Full of the subject, he spoke of it to Lady Mary, who wondered what Mrs. Birimport had to complain of. It was well known that she herself had been cooped up in the country twenty years, deprived of all the elegant pleasures. Mrs. Birimport could enjoy them all; and all she had to pay for the enjoyment

ment, was a sarcasm. What was that, to what she had endured from Sir Jeffery's violence; and every body knew how submissive she had been to all his arbitrary commands. This was a secret, however, unknown to Sir Jeffery himself.

C H A P. XLIV.

THE spring was approaching, and Sir George did not see its approach with infinite pleasure. It was destined to carry him from London, where, under the auspices of Mr. Fielding, he began to taste the animated joys which are to be obtained by

by shaking two cubes of ivory in a box. This was Mr. Fielding's first and greatest pleasure; to this succeeded, as the second in estimation, wine; and to wine, woman. In my mind this was inverting the order of things; but this gentleman was not of my mind; nor I, thank heaven, and lovely woman, of his.

Though ghosts and apparitions have fled this guilty land, and left it to its fate, there are still phantoms which trouble the repose of young men, at their first entrance into a course of guilty pleasure. If he sipped of animation at Weltjie's, Minerva, in the shape of Lindsay, would pursue him by day; if he tasted the unhallowed fruit of some Mrs. Sinclair, connubial Juno, in the softened majesty of Miss Colerain, haunted him by night. But for Miss Colerain, Lady Ann Brixworth's empire over Sir George, might have extended beyond his vanity:
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Some brilliant Circe might have mingled for him the enchanted cup, which transforms a man into—a man of mode.

If it was the lot of mankind to find its felicity in those glittering things which make all people happy, but those who have them; of what would Lady Ann Brixworth have had to complain? Of nothing—but the want of something else; a want, extremely apt to get to bed to very great men, and very fine women; nay—to kings and queens.

Notwithstanding the firm resolution Lady Ann had made to enjoy the world a few years in perfect freedom; there was a something in Sir George which seemed to diminish the value of this perfect freedom. She knew, indeed, that he was devoted to her; no man could be more so; yet he had
never

never talked of love. What this could be owing to, but the timidity which a genuine passion always inspires, she could not conceive. As a proof of her divinity, she found this timidity extremely agreeable; but it had become troublesome by its duration; and as Sir George began to talk of the continent, Lady Ann thought it expedient to inspire him with confidence; for which purpose she took some very proper and genteel pains, which exposed her elegant person to more of those little pleasing, gallant liberties, than are allowed in any of the present codes of female decorums.

One day Sir George, not in the timid respectful way, but in a most assuming and confident manner, dared to ravish a kiss; which, all the world knows, is a most shocking impropriety, and must of necessity kindle a
fierce

fierce and terrible anger in a young lady's bosom. Lady Ann's beat tumultuously. She raised her delicate arm, to punish the audacious outrage. It overthrew the guilty baronet upon a sofa. Men in falling, catch any thing. Sir George caught the lady's waist; and poor dear Lady Ann fell upon the sofa also. There are bodies in nature which kindle as they fall; but of that nature, ours cannot be. Nothing passed upon the sofa,——no, certainly nothing——censurable by canon laws,——or any laws, but those of a refined delicacy,—and yet Lady Ann was angry,—monstrous angry, and called Sir George very hard names.

But the dear gentle sex cannot be long under the influence of the stormy passions. Sir George had the pleasure to see the last sparks of anger fly from her lovely eyes. Some other expression filled them! when, turning them
upon

upon Sir George, she said, "Monster! how could you treat me with so little ceremony!"

Sir George did not endeavour to vindicate himself: That was impossible. He only laid the fault upon the force of her beauty;—upon the power of her charms. "My dear Lady Ann," says he, "there are moments when you are absolutely irresistible. If the cupids will lie in ambush about that lovely bosom,—will wanton upon those charming lips, have I not a right to seize my enemies, where-ever they may lie concealed.

"You wretch," says she, "it is plain what you want. It is to draw me into marriage before my time, and against my will."

Sir George assured her he had no such design.

"Nay," says she, "I must confess, my partial inclinations have long been yours."

Sir

Sir George began to recover the timidity of his character very fast, and to feel himself look as simple as Lady Ann could wish.

“ I did indeed wish to have enjoyed my freedom a few years longer; and I could have preserved it against all mankind but you,” continued Lady Ann. “ But you are born to be my fate, you wretch; so take my hand, and——

Who can refuse a lady’s hand? Sir George did take it,—but mechanically.—It did not make the heart vibrate with pleasure,—it only made the head feel—“ like a smoke jack,”—and gave his face a fine air of fatuity.

Lady Ann saw this vacancy of intelligence, in Sir George’s aspect, and attributed it to the sudden manifestation of her own kindness: She saw him overwhelmed, deprived of the power of speech, and exulted in the force of
her

her charms. But she had not contemplated this agreeable spectacle half a minute, when Mrs. Harcourt rapped at her dressing-room door, to inform her, that Miss Chittick and Lady Bridget Waterford waited to have the pleasure of seeing her.

“ You wretch ! says she, adjusting herself in the glass, “ come lead me down.” Sir George obeyed this welcome command. He took her hand. It did not tremble, as it ought to have done, considering how this delicate confession should have disordered the nervous system. He led her in to the ladies ; then, remembering an appointment, took his leave.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLV.

SIR GEORGE PARADYNE now found it absolutely necessary to think; for which purpose he hastened to Grosvenor-square, precipitated himself into his library, and then prepared himself for intensity of cogitation in an easy chair.

Man, as all orthodox people know, is an animal perfectly master of himself. His volition is quite at his own disposal. His ideas come at command, and follow each other exactly in the order he describes; of all this, Sir George was well convinced, for he
had

had pleaded the cause of liberty and free will, against the few advocates for necessity, which were to be found at Oxford; and against Lindsay, who was unfortunately tainted by this heretic and abominable doctrine. It vexed and surprised him therefore to find, that in the present critical emergency, his trusty and obedient ideas, had set up the standard of rebellion. However, like a wise prince, he took the best possible method to reduce them to their duty; not by hanging and quartering, but by going to sleep, out of which he was elevated by a summons to dinner.

At this dinner Sir George was not disposed to talk; nor Lady Mary either, till the fourth glass of madeira had revived her drooping spirits. Then she found means to inform Sir George that this was her night; and to let him know, in the most acrimonious terms our language will permit, how void
he

he was of filial duty, never to attend these her routs. It is true, Lady Mary's lectures had now arrived at their ne plus ultra of perfection; they no longer hurt Sir George. At every opportunity, he knew they must come, as certainly as fate; he therefore gave his imagination leave to wander, and was often rewarded for this dutiful inattention, by delightful reveries, in which Miss Colerain formed the principle object.

This night, however, not knowing what better to do, he attended Lady Mary's rout, which he was surprised to find so fashionable and splendid. Lady Ann was there in all the insignia of wealth and beauty. No cloud was upon *her* brow, nor did she appear to have fallen asleep with the agitation of thinking: Oh, you wretch! said she, who expected to have found your philosophy at a route? come, you shall be at my table; I will absolutely engage

gage you at whist the whole evening, at guinea points, to punish you for all your sins. Sir George admired, bowed and obeyed.

On his pillow the next morning, Sir George found his mental powers more his own, but not sufficiently capacious to comprehend all Lady Ann. Of having said, or designed to say, any thing but what modern gallantry permits, or perhaps demands, he entirely acquitted himself. On what then could her notions be founded? Did she draw them from Lord Aufchamp, or from Lady Mary? could there be design in Lady Ann's conduct? Was she an actress?

A month was wanting of the time fixed for Sir George's continental tour, and nothing was yet arranged. But since little indiscretions were likely to be attended with claims upon his affection or his honour, it was best to avoid little indiscretions. He could
not

not stay in London without seeing Lady Ann; it was therefore best to leave it, repair to his country seat, and there prepare for his journey.

The same day he respectfully acquainted Lady Mary with his intention, at the same time requesting her to make use of his town or country house, at the expence, if she pleased, of half his annual income. This was perfectly agreeable to Lady Mary; nor did she once question him concerning the cause of this sudden resolution, so satisfied was she with the effect.

Common politeness required that Sir George should take leave of Lady Ann, and the fear of indiscretions made him wish it might be not solus cum sola; so he called at Mr. Harcourt's lodging, and fortunately found him at home. To Sir George's request of walking with him to Mrs. Harcourt's, he answered, "that he

came most opportunely ; for he was going there to thank Lady Ann Brixworth for a Captain's commission, which had been given him that morning unsolicited and unexpected. He said, he knew the government of the army too well, to suppose that favour would be conferred upon him without interest ; nor, amongst the number of his friends, could he imagine any one, except his fair and opulent relation, Lady Ann, likely to think of him unasked."

Lady Ann was in her dressing-room, where the gentlemen were admitted on sending up their names. " I am come," says Sir George, " to take leave of Lady Ann for three long years, and to thank her for the many agreeable hours spent in her society." " And I," says the Captain, " to thank her for my future hours, which her kindness will enable me to enjoy more at my ease."

" And

“And I, gentlemen,” said Lady Ann, “shall have my thanks to pay, if you will be so good to tell the meaning of this odd address.”

“I really have no meaning,” said Sir George, “but what my words import. A circumstance relative to a friend, has anticipated the time of my going abroad. I leave town to-day.”

Lady Ann blushed. A blush of anger, perhaps, or of disdain.

“The import of my words,” said Harcourt, “is very sincerely to thank Lady Ann for my Captain’s commission, which I have this morning received; and to dedicate my sword and its owner to her service.”

“As to you, Harcourt,” replied Lady Ann, “you always rattle; so there is no necessity to suppose you have any meaning whatever. To Sir George,” added she, with an air of disdain, “I have only to wish bon voyage; and if he finds honour put

up to sale at any foreign markets, to recommend the purchase of a little, for his own use."

"Is it that you think me deficient, Lady Ann?" said Sir George.

"It must be my endeavour," answered Lady Ann, "not to think of Sir George Paradyne."

"Captain Harcourt was astonished to see Lady Ann alternately pale and red, and walking backwards and forwards with indignant majesty, whilst Sir George had the air of a man confused. Recovering himself, he said, "if I have offended Lady Ann by any particular inadvertency, I ask her pardon. My general behaviour, I am confident, warrants no such charge against me; nor can I patiently endure the imputation, even from a lady."

"It would have been better not to have merited it," said Lady Ann.

"I

"I have not," answered Sir George, simply.

"Oh!" says Lady Ann, "it is very easy for gentlemen to make mistakes upon this head. To me, Sir George Paradyne stands open and confess; I wish I could say, for the virtues of honour and sincerity."

"It is not for me," replied Sir George, "to dispute a lady's prerogative, especially that of liberty of speech. Nor can it be agreeable to bear reproaches, which my heart tells me I have not deserved."

"Your heart," cried Lady Ann, with emotion, "have you a heart?"

"Peace and happiness to Lady Ann Brixworth," said Sir George, bowing; "as long as I have a heart, that will be one of its warmest wishes." So saying, Sir George hastily withdrew.

C H A P. XLVI.

THERE is no thinking well in the streets of Westminster; but the park, when it is not high mall, affords tolerable opportunity. He could not find in his heart to be angry at Lady Ann Brixworth, the cause of her resentment was too flattering to his vanity; but if there arose in his mind sentiments of piety in her favour, which inclined him to hesitate, before he decided absolutely against an union with an opulent young heiress, who had even confessed an affection for him; it was opposed by her vanity,
her

her love of play, her want of solid accomplishment, and Miss Colerain. For the idea of this lady was perpetually intruding amongst his other ideas, without any sort of right, much against Sir George's will, and sometimes to his displeasure.

When he returned to Grosvenor-square, he found a letter which run thus :

“ SIR GEORGE,

“ The suddenness of your departure from Lady Ann B's, prevented an explanation which seems to be necessary between that lady and you. It seems, from what escaped her, you have taken pains to gain her affections, only to give an eclat to your vanity. This, however common, is not the part of a man of honour; and if true, you must answer it to me. Gratitude demands that I should not tamely suffer Lady Ann to be injured

or insulted : I hope you will wait upon her, and save me the infinite pain of meeting you as an enemy,

“ Your most obedient,

“ W. HARCOURT.”

Let us see now the nature of the point of honour, the present governing principle of the nobility and gentry of Europe. Sir George knew well that Captain Harcourt was seduced into error by gratitude, the most amiable of human motives. He knew that he had only to speak, and the cloud that obscured Harcourt's mental discernment would be dispelled. But the point of honour would not permit him to speak. The pride, by which this point of honour is supported, could not stoop for a moment to a sense of justice, though death and horror might be the result of an adherence to its dictates. Sir George then answered thus :

“ You

“ You imagine then, Captain Harcourt, that if I am the delinquent you do me the favour to suppose me, it is by the point of your sword I am to be compelled to justice. Be pleased to know that I acknowledge neither the delinquency, nor your right to punish it; and, if you chuse to prefer your Quixotism to friendship, I am, extremely at your service,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ G. PARADYNE.”

The consequence of this retort courteous, was a meeting at the next day's dawn, in the Green park.

It is probable, not one of my fair readers was ever present at a duel; I beg leave to introduce them to the ceremony. They may imagine, that when two people meet to kill each other, if there is truth in Lavater, then is the time to read in their faces the purposes of their hearts. My fair readers forget

that it is a point of good manners, and therefore capable of the highest politeness.

When Sir George, accompanied by John Lake Fielding, Esq. and Captain Harcourt, by a brother officer, entered the field of honour, the action was begun, like the battle of Fontenoy, by taking off their hats to each other. They then advanced, in order to shake each other by the hand. The seconds enquired whether the affair was of a nature not to be terminated but by proceeding to the last extremities. The Captain said that Sir George knew well what was expected from him, which if he did not chuse to comply with, it was he who chose the consequence. Sir George replied, that the Captain had called him into the field upon a very frivolous motive, and, as it appeared to him, upon a very impertinent one ; it lay with him therefore to retract and apologize, which

which, if he did not chuse, it was he who chose the consequence."

The point of honour being thus settled, the pistols were given up to the seconds, and each loaded under the other's inspection. Twelve being the number of the holy apostles, twelve yards were measured for the distance. Each took his station; and once more saluting each other with their hats, waited the determination of the seconds, whose should be the first fire. The lot fell upon the captain; who fired. Sir George returned it. The seconds then enquired of the firsts, if either were wounded; which being answered in the negative, they asked if either were disposed to recede, and this being negatived also, the captain fired again, and the pistol fell from Sir George's hand. On enquiry, the ball was found to have lodged in the fleshy part of Sir George's right arm; and rendered him unable to return the fire.

Thus the lady was avenged; honour was satisfied; and nothing remained to be done by the combatants, but to pay the proper compliments on each other's valour.

The ball was easily extracted, and the wound of little consequence. The surgeon required only four days for a cure. So, Lady Mary being out, Sir George sent for Lindfay to dine with him, and they spent the evening very usefully, in moralizing upon the various follies of mankind.

A morning paper of the next day announced to the world the dreadful encounter of the day before, and without attempting to assign the cause;—a marvellous modesty. It happened to be one of the papers with which Lady Mary amused herself. She saw it, and enquiring if Sir George was at home, had the goodness, even before breakfast, to go up to his apartment. It might have been expected, that maternal

ternal fondness would have led her to enquire into the nature and danger of Sir George's wound. But maternal fondness, in Lady Mary, seldom operated this way. "My dear Sir George," said she, "you will certainly drive me one day to distraction. How could you hazard your precious life, when you knew mine was involved in it? And that you had no right. No,"—continued she—"you are God's creature and mine; and you are accountable to both of us for the life we gave you. What was the cause, pray, of this undutiful and unrighteous presumption?—Some wench, I suppose."

Sir George answered, "That gentlemen made it a rule never to talk about these things when they were over."

Lady Mary considered this answer as flat rebellion; and her tender acrimony exceeded all reasonable bounds. But she had more causes than one for this

this redundancy of bile. Fortune had been uncomplaisant the evening before ; and it came into her mind, that this presumptuous affair would postpone Sir George's intention of leaving town ; and, consequently, her sole and undivided authority.

Notwithstanding Sir George's dutiful prayers to heaven, he could not obtain from it a patience——without bounds. He replied, with too little consideration, “ Since, madam, I am never to experience any part of the maternal character, but its harshness and its discord, I know not what obligation nature or society imposes on me to endure it. Nor can I endure it. You have given me so many convincing proofs that I am totally disagreeable to you, that I think it must be obliging you, to withdraw from your presence, perhaps, for ever. Nor will you wonder, that, after such provocation,

tion, I use the power the laws have given me, and apply the patrimony of my ancestors to my own use." So saying, Sir George, with his handkerchief at his eyes, withdrew to his library.

There was not, perhaps, in all the *materia medica*, one article which could have so soon alleviated Lady Mary's complaint, as the last clause in Sir George's speech. Her pride, however, was still too great to admit the proper application; so she ordered the chariot, and was conveyed to Lord Aufchamp's.

CHAP.

C H A P. XLVII.

THE post-coach was at the door, ready to convey Sir George, Mr. Lindsay, and the surgeon to Dennington; when Captain Harcourt, pale and trembling with agitation, made his way to the room where Sir George was giving the last orders to old Cartwright, his steward. Him the Captain regarded not; and seemed, without being able to speak, about to throw himself at Sir George's feet. "If I am any way the cause of this perturbation, Captain Harcourt," said Sir George, "be

“ be pacified. Assure yourself I have no resentment against you.”

“ I ought to have the more against myself,” Harcourt replied; “ and indeed I have ample cause. I have been the dupe of a silly woman: I have raised my arm to kill the only human being, who has a superior claim to my esteem and reverence: The man, whose silent unostentatious benevolence ought to have bound me to him for ever. It was to you then, Sir George, not to Lady Ann, I was indebted for my commission. In one thing only unkind,—in suffering my gratitude to take a wrong and unworthy direction. Yes,—even when I returned yesterday to give her an account of my shameful triumph, even then she did not undeceive me. It was to Major Metcalfe I owe the knowledge of my benefactor. He asked me, an hour ago, if Sir George Paradyne had ravished my mother?

It

It must be that, says he, or something as atrocious, that could make you raise your arm against the man from whom, two days since, you accepted a commission.—Heavens! Major!—What mean you? I asked. It is to Lady Ann Brixworth, my relation, I am indebted for this obligation.”

“ I know nothing of the matter,” said the Major, “ but that it was obtained by Sir George Paradyne’s interest, his application, and his money. If Lady Ann pays him again, that, in part, lessens the obligation.”

“ I flew to Lady Ann. I found she knew not a syllable of the commission. I could not restrain my anger. I reproached her in terms suited to the sense I had of her art, her malevolence, and duplicity. She smiled with all the calm malignity——of a woman,—and said, she had no service for such fools as myself, but to rid her of other fools, when she was weary of them.”

“ Ladies,”

“Ladies,”—said the smiling Sir George,—“have no weapons of — but their tongues and their nails; and you may think yourself happy, Harcourt, in having excited only the former.”

The captain railed at the dear sex outrageously, and was beginning after the manner of Castalio, to enumerate all the evils they had brought upon unhappy man; but Sir George, who loved the sweet kind, and did not believe them capable of any thing but a little innocent mischief for love’s sake, found means to stop, to sooth, to console, and to dismiss him, well satisfied, and assured of Sir George’s friendship.

Lady Mary, with all possible expedition, only calling in upon four of her most intimate friends, just to complain that she was the most miserable of mothers, hastened to Lord Aufchamp’s, and poured a flood of disconsolation into his fraternal bosom. But what was

Lady

Lady Mary's surprise and indignation, when Lord Aufchamp told her, though in the most polite terms, that it was she herself who was to blame.—For his part,—except in the affair of the boroughs—he had found his nephew a well instructed and well disposed young man. However he would, as soon as he had dispatched a very momentous concern, which could not wait, he would attend her back, and see what could be done. When they arrived in Grosvenor-square, Sir George was gone.

This was a cruel precipitation. So prodigiously did it affect Lady Mary's nerves, that she once determined not to be present at the Countess of C.'s rout that night. This resolution she wisely altered; and fortune, in the forms of kings and aces, condescended to give her ample consolation. Lord Aufchamp wrote to Dennington, and the placable Sir George yielded to permit

mit his mother the use of his town and country house; with the addition of 3000*l.* per annum, to her jointure: a negociation which gave Lady Mary almost entire satisfaction.

C H A P. XLVIII.

MR. James Paradyne was gone to a celebrated hunt in a neighbouring county; the country was dull; it wanted a month before travelling on the continent could be pleasant; and Sir George was unhappy without knowing why.—Mr. Lindsay, who thought he did know why, proposed a tour, the object of which should be to
in-

inspect his own country's arts and manufactures, its agriculture and its commerce. Sir George embraced the proposal with alacrity; and they set out. A decent volume might be added to these, invaluable memoirs, from the journals of our travellers. But—will my fair readers be gratified by it? Since I write solely to please them, I must consult their elegant tastes; and as the dear sex has been the study, as well as the joy of my life, I may be supposed to know something of them; and I presume to say, that in books,—I do not pretend to extend the observation farther,—but in books,—the dear creatures do prefer the dulce to the utile—that they do.

They had proceeded through Yorkshire into Lancashire, and happened to stop at a village inn to dine, where a concourse of villagers were assembled round a mountebank's stage, and waiting for his exhibition. Mr. Andrew

drew amused the crowd, as usual, for half an hour, when the doctor himself came forth; a man of most venerable appearance; whose white beard fell down upon his breast; — some rolls of linen, designed for a Turkish turban, adorned his head; and his dress bore no resemblance to any thing our company had hitherto seen. He mounted, looked round him with a lofty air, and waving his hand for silence, like a man of authority, spoke as follows :

“ When I inform you, good people, that I come among you, against my will; not seeking my own good, but your’s, you will naturally infer, that I am an impostor. It is not in my power to prevent this conclusion; but if you make it, the error will be your’s; and you will be deprived of an assistance, which I am not ashamed to say, is altogether supernatural. They are not the trifling ails of the body only, which I am sent to cure; they are those

those of the soul also. It is true, I am a mortal enemy to gout, gravel, and rheumatism; to tooth-ache, corns, and chilblains; but I am a still greater enemy to drunkenness, to evil-speaking, lying, and flandering, to fornications and adulteries. Who is it amongst you, that does not break some of the ten commandments? How many of you covet his neighbour's chattels? or his wife, or his daughter, or his maid servants? I speak to you all as one corrupt body, breaking amongst you the whole decalogue. But all your offences, jointly and separately, I will send back to the devil from whence they come. Yes,—I will cure you of all diseases, corporeal and mental. For particular diseases I have particular remedies. But what I wish is to strike at the root of all your diseases; and for this purpose, I recommend to you my two universal medicines, which you are to have recourse to

to when I am gone. See here, two small phials. On this, sealed with red wax, is inscribed, body; on this, with black wax, soul. Take them and hand them round."

This being done, there was a general murmur,—we see nothing in them. "You do not," replied the doctor. "They are essential essences of essences; and not subject to the perception of our gross senses.—Nine drops of the red,—mark me,—nine drops,—taken upon the ninth day of every month, will purify the blood; and you all know that from impure blood proceed all bodily diseases. For the black phial, which contains the proper physic of the soul, the application is to the brain; for you all know, that from an impure brain all diseases of the soul proceed. These I would willingly give you, and will give you, as soon as I have compleated my Catholicon, which is to enable me to live my ap-

pointed time without food. At present I eat, and you all know, that to eat requires money. The intrinsic value of these phials cannot be estimated; but take them at what you please. Let those who can afford it give me a shilling; those who cannot, sixpence."

Here the doctor paused, in expectation of the fruit of his rhetoric; but all hands were inactive, probably because no man had the boldness to begin first. The doctor then said,

"What! is there not amongst you one wise? Not one sensible of his mental or corporeal maladies? Not one! How I pity you! So it is. You had rather see this gentleman tumble, than hear the words of wisdom and of science. Tumble then, Mr. Andrew. Tumble into their pockets; into their hearts. Whilst I go and pray, that truth and common sense may enter there."

there." So saying, he descended with dignity, and retired into the house.

After a few tumbles, Mr. Andrew presented his cap; telling his audience, that it was his misfortune to eat as well as his master; and his rewards were liberally bestowed in the form of halfpence.

The collection over, the doctor re-ascended, with an awe-inspiring aspect. "Oh!" cries he, "the folly and degeneracy of these times! It is now two hundred and ninety years and nine, since I was upon this spot before. They wanted no tumbling then. The holy monks came out of that monastery, now in ruins; bought up all my phials, and sold them again to their penitents, at a profit of a thousand fold. Well! keep,—since you are so fond of them,—keep your sins and your diseases. But before I dismiss you to the consequence of your folly, know who I am. Perhaps you may ima-

gine I was begotten and born amongst this perverse generation. No. I saw the light in the 94th Olympiad, the very day that Alexander the Great won the battle of Arbela. You have all heard of Alexander the Great, and of the great Esculapius. I am the seventh son of the seventh son of the ninth daughter of Esculapius. For some sins of my youth, I am doomed to live till the year 2201; and I must expiate my offences by an assiduous endeavour to cure mankind—of folly. But how can I cure those who reject my medicines? who prefer a shilling to wisdom and sixpence to health.”

Sir George, who stood at the parlour window, beckoned to his servant, who was among the crowd, and gave him some orders in a whisper. Philip went to the doctor, and demanded two phials, for each of which he paid one shilling. Nine drops to purify the blood, you say?

“ Nine,”

"Nine,"—answered the doctor.

"How,"—asked Philip—"shall I count them."

The doctor turned to the window, with a look most piteously significant. "Drill," says he, "a hole in the cork with an invisible needle; invert the phial ~~with~~ ^{into} your mouth; count nine by a pendulum thirty-nine inches and two-tenths long,—the thing is done."

Philip carried the phials to his master; who again sent him to the doctor to ask, how his medicines could act, if they were not to be perceived? The doctor threw a look of entreaty at the window, and then said, "there might be action without a correspondent perception, as well as perception without a correspondent action.—Young man, approach. You see this ring; take it. Are you satisfied it is a ring?" "Yes," answered Philip. "Hold your hand," says the doctor, "you have the ring in it." "I have,"

says Philip. "Gripe it fast," says the doctor. "I do," says the other. The doctor gently touched Philip's hand with a phial, and asked if he had it still? "Yes," answered Philip, "I have." "You have perception then without a correspondent action. Open your hand." The ring was gone, and poor Philip had a loud laugh against him. He was sent again by his master to say, that he desired to have all his phials at a shilling each. The people no sooner heard the message, than they began to put their hands in their pockets. The barber said to the shoemaker, damn all monopolies, Tom. The exciseman swore it was all a damned hum; the butcher, that it was a good take in for cockneys, but would not do in Lancashire. So they slipped away one after the other, with tolerable expedition.

Sir George, pleased with the doctor's dexterity of evasion, sent him a present
of

of five guineas, and desired his company to dinner. He accepted both the money and the invitation with great thankfulness; and retired to his chamber to disrobe. When he appeared in the parlour, he presented to the wondering eyes of Mr Lindsay, the well known features of a fellow student at Cambridge, with whom he had had some degree of intimacy.

Common gratulations ended, they dined; after which Sir George said, "It is evident, Mr Jones, that you are a scholar and a man of sense; I fear we owe the pleasure of your company here to some misfortune.

"Sir George," Mr. Jones replied, "I must own that I am not without misfortunes; nor without the follies that deserve them. I have the misfortune to be poor; to be a welch curate, a poet, and a mountebank, and to be in love."

“ These are unfortunate circumstances, no doubt,” said Sir George,—
“ may we enquire how you came into such a group.”

“ That I was born to be a poet,” said Mr. Jones, “ I am afraid no body but myself will allow. That I was born to be poor, no body I fear will take the trouble to disprove; and for love, it lay in my way, and I found it. I am the youngest of two sons and a daughter, of a farmer in Glamorganshire; and, if it had pleased God, I might have been a credit to the plough. But I was a genius; so some silly people told my father; and it was pity I should be brought up to farming, which does not require any.”

“ A most extraordinary idea,” exclaimed Sir George, “ as if the first, the most important of all arts, had arrived at its ultimate perfection; or if it was possible to apply genius better, than to the improvement of that, by
which

which all conditions of human life subsist."

"You are undoubtedly right, Sir George," said Mr. Jones. "The notion however sent me to college, and made my father, assisted by my mother's brother, the grocer of the village, strain hard to support me there. When my education was finished, I returned to my native place, to wait patiently for a living which was promised me by Mr. Howel, my father's landlord.

"Whilst I was leading a life of idleness, the devil put it in my head to make verses, celebrating the majesty of Juno, the wisdom of Minerva, and the beauty of Venus, in the person of Miss Higgins, daughter of the shoe-maker of our village. I did not indeed think her a goddess; but I thought that in old poetic times, goddesses had been made of as bad matter. We loved each other very poetically, and very

platonically too, till my father forbade the connexion. Love then, became an invincible passion, capable of breaking down all the barriers of prudence; and we agreed to steal away together, and get married; then return and pray forgiveness.—An accident prevented this. Mr. Howel, my patron that was to be, died; a very honest man; who would indeed get fuddled sometimes, but never broke his word. His son and successor, was a man of nice honour; well known in the great world, and a slave to his word also, except his memory failed him, or except in cases of expediency.

This young gentleman was at my father's a fortnight, in order to inspect his estate; for all around was his. He took a liking to us, for my sister was rather a pretty girl, though a little shy; and very readily declared his intention to fulfil the promise of his father, when the incumbent died; an
event

event which had been long expected; for the present rector was old and dropsical. He was very much my friend, and took a taste to my poetry; which he said was quite classical and ingenious; and he desired to see my goddess. Now Miss Higgins was really prettier than my sister, and much gay-er, and better acquainted with the polite sort of things; so that she did not run away, and hide herself at the approach of Mr. Howel, which my simple sister had often done.

“ When this dear friend took leave of us, he shaked me by the hand with excessive cordiality, and said, “ Jones, remember, whenever you want, you have a friend in Tom Howel. I wept with affection.

“ Three days had elapsed since his departure, and I began to think, that with the friendship of so great a man; I might wed my dear Molly, with a certainty of being forgiven. I had set-

bled the particulars in my mind, and was going to communicate them to her, when my sister said, Lord, brother! can it be true, what people say, that Molly Higgins is gone off after Mr. Howel.

“ I believe, gentlemen, it will be no peculiar entertainment to you, to hear related the well laid stratagems and bold manœuvres which brought this matter to bear, nor the despair which a novice in the world, like myself must feel, from the double treachery of love and friendship. I got a fever by it, which kept me lingering betwixt life and death, about four months. I was beginning to recover when news came of the Rector's death, whose successor I was to be. The custom is, I believe, to gallop to the patron on such an occasion, and lick his feet. But I was too ill to gallop, too sulky to write, and too resentful to admit

admit that I ought to accept favours from such a man. My brother thought I was a fool, and besides, began to be afraid I might lie upon his hands very much to his detriment. So he undertook, unknown to me, the part of solicitation. Mr. Howell was then in Wales, and received him graciously. He declared himself perfectly willing and desirous to bestow the living upon me; but it must be upon condition that I married Polly Higgins. I was honourably engaged to her, he said, and he hoped that the circumstance of her having been his housekeeper a few months, would make no alteration in my affection. Such things were not regarded now a-days. He would be very kind to me, and would take upon himself to furnish the parsonage house from the attic story to the cellar, reserving one room for his own use in the shooting season.

“ Over and above all these good words,

words, my brother had plenty of good ale ; so he rode merrily home to communicate to me the fine disposition of goodness which Mr. Howel had unto me. I, unhappily did not see with my brother's eyes, and peremptorily rejected the proposal ; so betwixt him and me there was strife. At length I resolved to seek my fortune ; and having obtained ten pounds of my father, I set out for London with two dozen of sermons, and some sonnets and elegies. I sought a purchaser amongst the booksellers, but found none. At length I found a customer in a young divine, well born and indolent, who had acquired habits of spending his time more to his taste than in his study. By degrees too, I got employment among the magazine and newspaper editors ; so that sometimes I might get as far as a guinea a week ; sometimes a crown. When my pockets were empty, I dived for a dinner ;
when

when full, I indulged in a beef steak. I chose to climb for my lodgings, because the air in the upper regions is more salubrious to gentlemen who follow the muses. Thus I lived in London seven years. About this time, at my leisure hours, I ventured to write two small volumes in the novel way, which produced me six pounds. A whim now took me, since I was rich and could so well afford it, to go out and see the world; and for my first excursion I fixed upon the county of Kent, but my progress was stopt at Maidstone. Passing by the prison there, a voice called me by my name; it came from a pale visage, looking through a grate, and proved to be that of John Higgins, my school-fellow and play-fellow, in my native village; and moreover, the brother of my once dear Molly. Though I had lived so long in London, and had seen a great deal of misery, my heart was not

hardened. I got admittance to my old friend, relieved his wants, and heard his story. John had left his father's house, to improve himself in the art of shoe-making. John got more money than he well knew what to do with; however he soon found those who taught him. John learned to drink, and to be idle; and at last liked rather to live by his wits than by his last. Amongst other arts, John learned slight of hand; I don't mean picking of pockets in the way of Mr. Barrington, but of Mr. Bresslau. At length John set up trade with a mountebank, and followed it two or three years with variable success; but becoming suspected of doing some things which ought not to be done, John and his master were thrown into Maidstone goal, where the latter died.

“ It wanted but few days to the summer assizes; so I comforted John as well as I could, and prayed by him;
for,

for, being in orders, I still considered myself as a clergyman, though I had no cure. The evidence against John, at his trial, was only presumptive; and the judge, not being in the humour to admit it, directed the jury to find for the prisoner; and John was acquitted. After this he had nothing to do, but to pay his fees, for which my money was of signal use.

“ I had preached so much to John about the happiness of living an orderly and virtuous life, and John had suffered so much in prison, that I easily persuaded him to go down to our village, and settle at his business; and I engaged him when there to give me an account of my family, of whom I had heard nothing for some years. This is John's first letter, which I keep about me for my own edification.

“ Reverende Sur and dear friend I was received here by father and mother like unto the prodigale son for god help

help my poor father he is loosing all busness for want o' knowing how to do it in the jimmy way. As to sifter Mary why she han't been hard of some yeres having left Squire Houels sarvice and gon I cant tell whear. Im sorry to tel you that youre father and mother was tornd out of theire farm the nexte yeare after you wud not here o' having sifter Mary—which to be shure of a woise man was but simplush—for you meet ha been parson o' Cloig; and Im sure molly ware not mich worse for ware at that there time thof god knows how she may ha bin haggd and har usd sin And mester Panut lets youre father twenty acers o' pasture land and he keeps too or three milchers, and youre sifter Hannah dos al the work both at hom and abroad and for all her endustre theyre pore enough God helpe em Now I understand the parson o' Ruoin wants a coorate and purpuses to give twenty pounds a yare

yare which is worth fifty at London and healthfuller for both body and sole. So if you like wroite me wurd next poste as I may go ax for it being all at present,

from youre frend til deth

JOHN HIGGINS.

“Pofecrip Youre brother drank fo hard when Squer Hovel was fo out o’ the way as it kild him.—Father and mother longen to fee you.”

“I muſt own that I am not fit for a hero, for on the receipt of John’s letter I fat down and cried like any woman. I wrote back instantly to ſecure the curacy, and ſtaying one week only to ſettle with my maſters the book-fellers, and ſell up ſtock, I ſet out for my native village, and had the ſatisfaction to find my father, mother, and ſiſter well, though poor; and more affectionate than I had dared to hope. I obtained the curacy which, being a ſmall pariſh, only three miles off, it
gave

gave me opportunity to live with them. You may be sure we are not in the splendid stile; and indeed we wanted so many of the common conveniences of life, that I became desirous of getting a penny some other way. In order to be useful to my parishioners I studied practical physic, or rather surgery, and got together many good receipts for simple ailments. Into complicated diseases I never ventured; for I chose not to play with the life of any man. A little present of butter or eggs sufficed for my payment.

“ News now came of poor Molly Higgins. She had taken refuge in the Magdalen; and wrote home to express her penitence, and desire of returning to a life of virtue and industry. John was willing; so Mary came, and added to our sorrows and our wants.

“ In talking over these things together, John remembered his old trade, and knowing how great a doctor
I was

I was, for the celebrity of a man who works for nothing is pretty sure to be greater than his merit, proposed that we should, in proper disguises, make excursions as large as a week would permit; which he assured me he knew how to make profitable, by only selling at a fair apothecary's price, those common things which I was in the habit of making up. After many persuasions I ventured; and upon the whole have met with tolerable success."

"You are the first of your profession," said Sir George, "who has attempted to sell nothing in the shape of nothing; how came such a thought to strike you?"

"By mere accident," answered Jones. "At a late visitation, some of my brethren were talking of the excessive credulity of mankind; and instanced the well known story of the man proposing to get into a quart bottle at the Hay-market. Others af-

firmed it was curiosity, not credulity, which brought that concourse together. I had a mind to try how far I could practise upon one or both these qualities. You spoiled my experiment, Sir George, but have not certainly diminished my profits. For the future, however, I believe I shall not venture to soar into the region of metaphysics."

"But what," said Sir George, "would your bishop say, if he knew this trade of yours?"

"I hope," replied Jones, "he would connive at it, as he does at selling a pot of ale, or fiddling at wakes and merriments; which fundry of my brethren must do or starve."

"Well," said Sir George, "should you leave it off think you, if your salary was doubled? Or do you make more of it? Or do you find pleasure in it as well as profit?"

"Not

“ Not pleasure, certainly, for I always enter upon it with reluctance; and as to profit, if we have 10l. each at the year’s end, we call it a good year.”

“ This being so,” said Sir George, “ do me the favour to accept this 20l. bank note. You are an ingenious man, and deserve better fortune than you have found. I hope it may one day be in my power to place you better. Till then I will cause this sum to be paid you yearly; and five more to your partner, provided he will engage to stick by his trade, and leave off tumbling. I must confess, though I can excuse it on the score of necessity, I think your profession and your trade agree very ill together.”

“ I allow it, said Jones; “ and I accept your bounty with great gratitude, and no reluctance; and will so act in future, that it shall not be said you have bestowed it upon a base and unworthy object.”

CHAP.

C H A P. XLIX.

A Scene of a far different kind was preparing for Sir George at Birmingham, a place scarcely more distinguished for useful and ornamental manufacture, than for gentlemen who excel in natural philosophy, in mechanics, and in chemistry. One of these has a manufactory at a small distance from the town, scarce better known in England, than in France and Italy, Holland, Germany, and Russia, or wherever commerce has displayed the British flag. In the exhibition room here, Sir George Paradyne's eye was caught

caught by some ornamental toys, finished in a taste superior to the rest. Some paintings upon certain of these arrested his view. He thought he saw here the representation of objects he had somewhere really seen. On a more accurate examination, for the objects were in miniature, he recognized a view he had oft admired,—the south view from Combor church yard.—Another little landscape contained the church itself, the common, the White House, just distinguishable, and a distant view of Southampton.

A small degree of sickness took Sir George on the recognition of these objects, and leaning on Lindsay, he went a few minutes into the open air. Mr. Lindsay guessed the cause; but chole to leave love to his own operations. Sir George recovered soon, and returned into the room with agitated nerves, a quickened pulse, and an air of assumed unconcernedness. He resolved upon a

perfect apathy to all foolish sensations; to ask questions with cool indifference; and was surprised to find his functions no longer in the power of his will.

Mr. Lindsay saw all this, without seeming to observe; and he took upon himself to ask Sir George's questions. These, said he to the proprietor, seem to be works of superior taste.

"They are, Sir," the proprietor answered; "the paintings in particular; and what is something extraordinary, they are the works of a lady."

"Is it extraordinary then, Sir, that a lady should have taste and talent?" asked Mr. Lindsay.

"It is rather extraordinary," answered the gentleman, "to find dilet-tanti performers in any art, superior to professors."

"This lady then," said Mr. Lindsay, "paints for amusement only?"

"I don't say that," the proprietor replied; "but it is pretty certain she learned

learned and practised the art, for amusement only, till very lately."

"Is she," Mr. Lindsay asked, "of a neighbouring family?"

"No,"—answered the proprietor; "she is of Southampton. Her father was a merchant, and is lately dead. Her name is Colerain."

"I think," says Lindsay, "I knew a lady of that name there; but she was young."

"Miss Colerain," answered the proprietor, "is young also, and most accomplished."

"Then she has many admirers no doubt?" said Sir George, with a tremulous voice.

"All who know her," answered the proprietor;—"but these are few. She shuns acquaintance. She has indeed honoured my table with her company twice; when I have been favoured with the company of Dr. Priestly; with that of Mr. Heir, the

well-known translator and elucidator of Macquer's Chemistry; or the celebrated author of the botanic garden, to whom all arts and all sciences have obligation. But without some such inducement, she never stirs abroad; and has, I believe, never yet admitted a visitor, male or female."

"If she had a lover," said Sir George, "he might apprehend no contemptible rival in you, Sir."

"If I were young and a bachelor," returned the other, "I would contend for her, as pro aris et focis. But I am old and married; and besides, think less of the force of love, than of the force of steam."

"Does she live near you?" asked Sir George.

"In that house," answered the proprietor, pointing to a neat building upon the common."

"Alone?" asked Sir George.

"No,

“No, Sir,” the proprietor replied.
“The house was taken by a young person in the mantua-making line; she had a sister, many years Miss Colerain’s maid, before the death of her father, and whilst she was high in affluence. The sisters have associated; and Miss Colerain has chosen to be with them, and to pursue her favourite art for subsistence, rather than to be a dependant upon any proud relation or rich acquaintance.”

Sir George rewarded the courtesy of the master of the works, by a purchase of all those toys which had received the embellishing hand of Miss Colerain; and he ordered them to be sent to Miss Carlill, to whom he wrote his desire that they might be deposited at Combor White House.

This done, he returned to Birmingham.

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CHAP. L.

UPON the road, Sir George gave himself up wholly to the pleasures of silence and sighs. Not a single observation escaped him. Other works were to be visited. Sir George found he had seen enough, and requested Mr Lindsay to go alone. This gentleman began as usual to reason. Sir George could not reason; he could only feel. All the answer he made to a most excellent discourse, was, that infinitely beyond all comparison, Miss Colerain had the greatest combination of talents to please, that ever he saw in

woman. "She plays," said Sir George, "as well as she paints. How beautiful are all her movements! I dare say she is the best dancer in England."

"I don't dispute the truth of your observation," said Lindsay; "but it is rather out of place. We were not talking of Miss Colerain."

"No!"—says Sir George,—“Of who then?” Lindsay laughed. “I was thinking of her however,” continued Sir George.

“So it seems,” replied the other.

“Dear Lindsay,” said Sir George, “have you no feeling?”

“I feel hunger sensibly at this very instant,” answered Lindsay.

“Dine then,” replied the baronet.

“Feast thy sensual appetites. I feed upon memory.—But Lindsay!”

“Sir George!”

“I must see Miss Colerain.”

“No reasoning against a Must.—But to what purpose?”

“ To tell her I adore her.”

“ Have not you already told her so?”

“ Never.—My damned pride, and your wise argumentations prevented me. I feel that I grow wiser. I feel that Miss Colerain is better than philosophy; and that it is folly to refuse happiness in any shape.”

“ You would marry then?”

“ Yes. To-morrow. To-day. She shall travel with us Lindsay. By heaven! We shall learn more, rather than less, by such a companion. We will teach her Euclid and Aristotle; and she shall teach us the humanities and the felicities. I will go this instant.”

“ You will then,” said Lindsay, “ give Miss Colerain an irrefragable proof of love—of love that disregards the dull forms of common politeness. But for this, I would rather advise you

to

to send a servant with compliments, requesting leave to wait upon her to tea."

As soon as Sir George could be made to perceive the reasonableness of this proposal, he assented to it. Miss Colerain returned for answer, that though unaccustomed to visits of any kind, she could not reconcile herself to a failure of respect to Sir George Paradyne, to whom she should always own great obligations.

The second story of the house, was wholly appropriated to Miss Colerain. She received Sir George in her sitting apartment, where every thing had the air of simple neatness, and most of all, herself.

Neither ease nor grace, those most conspicuous qualities in our modern heroes or heroines, whose manners are upon record in every circulating library, were at the instant of meeting, conspicuous in Sir George Paradyne or in Miss Colerain. Nor is the con-

versation, as here recorded, perfectly exact, except as to its true sense and meaning. The real expression I believe was what the critics would call mutilated; or not classical, or not grammatical; perhaps they will say so of this; but I will appeal to my peers; and if they acquit me, I am content to be hanged in effigy, in all the major and minor reviews of great Britain.

Upon the road from Birmingham, Sir George had thought of nothing but the pleasure he was going to give and to receive; for having obtained a solid victory over his pride, and diminished, if not annihilated the opposition of Mr. Lindsay, it never occurred to him that any other difficulties remained. He supposed indeed that Miss Colerain would endeavour to conceal her joy; but thought that her lovely eyes would betray the silent rapture.

When

When after the first ceremonies therefore, Sir George hastened into the midst of things, and with all the impetuosity of a lover, and confidence of success, he had declared he came to throw himself and fortune at her feet; he was surprised to find no exterior symptoms of emotion; no emanation from Miss Colerain's eyes that denoted even that the proposition was agreeable to her. She gave, however, no interruption to his ebullitions; but permitted him to say quietly, what he thought proper. When he seemed to pause, expecting her answer, she said with a sweet, though serious simplicity, "I thank you, Sir George; but it is too late."

Sir George started from his chair, as if an asp had bit him. "Too late!" cried he, as he strode about her apartment. "Good heavens! too late! And have you then, Miss Colerain been in such haste to forget me! In

such haste to form engagements ! What a lot is mine ! When I had determined to disregard the remonstrances of your relations, the advice of friends, and to brave the contempt of my equals, I am informed, it is too late." Too late ! repeated Sir George, once a minute.

When he had sufficiently wearied himself, he sat down ; and venturing to take a look at Miss Colerain, and seeing that young lady all calm, neither ruffled by his reproaches, nor moved by his complaints ; he cried,—“Cruel, cruel Miss Colerain ! What, not deign to pity the wretchedness you create !”

“ I am much at a loss to know how the very few words I have said, could have raised this passion,” said Miss Colerain, which I hope is the sole creator of the wretchedness of which you, Sir George, complain.”

“ What ! answered Sir George,—“ did you not tell me you were engaged ? Can you then wonder ?”

“ I might

"I might wonder," Miss Colerain replied, "although I had said I was engaged——which indeed I have not."

"Blessed be the lips," said Sir George, "that have given me this ray of hope. What then might be the meaning of those terrible words,—it is too late."

"Simply," answered Miss Colerain, "that I have resolved at present to listen to no overtures of the kind you mention."

"But," said Sir George, "the words too late imply, do they not, that there was a time, when I might have pleaded this cause with some hopes of success."

"There was," replied Miss Colerain.

"I owe Sir George Paradyne too much respect, to amuse him with any thing which would deserve the names of feigned reserve, or female caprice."

"When ! dear Miss Colerain, you interest and alarm me," said Sir George.

"When

"When your benevolent and kind attentions had gained upon a grateful heart, which felt, but could not resist its weakness," replied Miss Colerain.

"Have I then lost that heart?" asked Sir George.

"I have undoubtedly changed my sentiments," answered Miss Colerain.

"Oh why?" Sir George asked.

"Merely," Miss Colerain replied, "because they were not reciprocal."

"Certainly they were reciprocal, my dear Miss Colerain," said Sir George.

"That was a secret," replied Miss Colerain, smiling, "you did not chuse to entrust me with. But to be perfectly frank and explicit, I did see or thought I saw in you a growing affection. I easily comprehended your struggles against it, and your motives. I held myself ready to assist those struggles and enforce those motives—against myself—had you rendered it
neces-

necessary ; You conquered without my assistance."

" You reproach me, Miss Colerain," said Sir George.

" Indeed I do not," answered Miss Colerain. " Your sentiments were proper for your rank and quality. There was not any thing wrong *in them* ; and certainly you had a right to dispose of your affections how you pleased."

" Alas !" said Sir George, " they were no longer in my own power. But my dear Miss Colerain, you laid an emphasis upon the words *in them* ; as if to intimate, that though these were right, there were others wrong."

" I alluded to our last conversation," Miss Colerain replied ; " it appeared probable from thence, that you had improved upon that class of sentiments which I thought became your rank ; and advanced into the more free and fashionable mode of thinking."

" I hope,

"I hope," said Sir George, "you accuse me wrongfully. I hope I did not say any thing which could justly alarm your honour or delicacy."

"Perhaps not," Miss Colerain replied; "but it seemed such a prelude as a libertine might have employed, who had formed designs which he did not chuse at once to avow."

"Whatsoever it was," said Sir George, "if it offended you, Miss Colerain, I ask your pardon, and entreat you to forget it."

"I have no desire," Miss Colerain answered, "to remember any thing to the prejudice of Sir George Paradyne."

"I hope then," said Sir George, "you will retract your heart-chilling negative, and say no more, it is too late."

"That," Miss Colerain replied, "I cannot do."

"If," said Sir George, "I once pos-

possessed, or might have possessed your affections, what have I since done to forfeit this blessing, more than you have now forgiven?"

"You are above me, Sir George," said Miss Colerain. "You have felt your superiority. You have struggled against it, and believe you have conquered. You have taken the generous resolution in my favour, to disregard relations, friends, and the contempt of the world. I ought, according to the opinions current in society, to be excessively obliged; and to repay this condescension with an uncommon portion of gratitude. But I really want humility. I am too proud to be excessively obliged. If I marry—a most improbable circumstance—it will not be to bring dissensions into a family, nor to procure my husband contempt. It will be to a mind, which balancing good and evil, will not throw money into either scale. It will

will be to a man who possesses my unbounded esteem ; whose general conduct and pursuits deserve the applause of the wise and good."

" Good heavens! Miss Colerain," said Sir George, " how many reproaches do you make me !"

" I have no such presumption," Miss Colerain replied."

" Be candid, madam," said Sir George ; " do not your last words imply a censure on my conduct ?"

" Certainly not," Miss Colerain answered. " We may prefer one series of sentiment, or one series of action to another, without implying censure."

" This will not do, Miss Colerain," said Sir George, " you are not candid now. Something you certainly dislike."

" I keep no spies upon your conduct, Sir George," answered Miss Colerain. Miss Carlill mentions you sometimes in her letters."

" But

“ But not with approbation,” said Sir George.

“ Not always,” replied Miss Colerain. “ It is with pleasure I hear you retain your goodness of heart ; but, as I sincerely wish your highest felicity, it is not with pleasure I hear of your entering with spirit into the ——— I know not what to call them—— dissipations, I believe, of the town ; you would have laughed if I had said its gallantries. There are, however, who tolerate this species of gallantry, who think gaming a serious evil.

“ Gaming ! Miss Colerain,” said Sir George, amazed.

“ I beg you will excuse my impertinence,” continued Miss Colerain ; “ indeed I could not speak to you thus improperly, if—if—though certain to be nothing more to Sir George Paradyne, than I now am——” Miss Colerain’s voice failed her ; her eyes were suffused with tears. So, on seeing
ing

ing them, were Sir George's. He took her hand, and said, with trembling tenderness, "Is it for me and my errors you weep, Miss Colerain?" She did not answer. "No—do not weep," resumed Sir George. "Tho' your tears do me honour, they afflict me. If I am not now,—accept my devoted heart—and I will be what you wish." On this subject Sir George became eloquent, insinuating, and almost irresistable. It was for Miss Colerain a trying moment. She recollected, however, that she had resolved, under the calm influence of reason; would she lose its advantages by the softness of a moment? And this recollection was decisive.

"No, Sir George," said she, withdrawing her hand; "no—I intreat I may be no more importuned upon this subject—as distressing to me as unavailing to you."

"Cruel, inflexible Miss Colerain!"

cried

cried Sir George. You dare not then trust your happiness in my hand. You dare not confide in my promise to be all you desire."

"Indeed, Sir George," Miss Colerain replied, "I am too young for a preceptress; and you are young. It is from experience in the great school of the world you must learn what is wanting—if any thing is wanting—to compleat the character of a gentleman. You are going abroad."

"From whence have you this intelligence?" Sir George asked.

"Once," replied Miss Colerain, "I had it from yourself. Miss Carlill also has lately mentioned it."

"I fear," said Sir George, "I am not obliged to Miss Carlill. It is she who learns and communicates my little errors, I suppose, in form of anecdote."

"You would not wish to do good and great things unnoticed," said Miss Cole-

Colerain; "and cannot expect so to do those that are not good or great"

"I own, Miss Colerain," said Sir George, "that I have not spent all my time to the best purposes; but I know not that I have done any thing worthy of severe reproof."

"No," replied Miss Colerain, smiling; "no—as times go. I, however, wish, and must always wish your character unstained; and that you might never deviate into actions which can only plead the pitiful excuse of being fashionable. Such is gaming. Such are duels. Can duelling be honourable? Can fashion sanctify it? And is it compatible to fight for Lady Ann Brixworth to-day; and offer your devoted heart to Miss Colerain to-morrow?"

"My fair and severe reprover," said Sir George; "you have erroneous information. I fought not for
Lady

Lady Ann Brixworth, nor was she to me more than an acquaintance."

"An intimate one no doubt," Miss Colerain answered, laughing; "or the newspapers would not have given you to her in marriage."

"Did you believe them?" asked Sir George.

"I am not," returned Miss Colerain, "much accustomed to confide in them; but I had no particular reason to doubt their intelligence here."

"Upon my honour, Miss Colerain," said Sir George, "I never gave any cause for such a report, but that of frequenting Lady Ann's house."

"That," returned Miss Colerain, "must have a cause. But I beg this kind of discourse may finish. I blush to have been guilty of so much impertinence."

Sir George made another effort to conquer Miss Colerain's prejudices; but in vain. It was time to depart.

He begged permission to renew his visits. She answered, "That as she had resolutely declined receiving any visits whatever, his would be the more remarked. She had already suffered so much by her imprudence in that particular, she hoped he would have the goodness to excuse her."

"Let me," said Sir George, "obtain something from you. Let it be permitted me, during my absence, to have the comfort of knowing you are not exposed to the casual calamities of indigence."

"Of that," Miss Colerain replied, "I have nothing to fear. Industry is amusement. It is even consolation. I beg pardon, Sir George, but I prefer it to obligation, infinitely."

"May I not hope," Sir George asked, "a kinder reception when I return?"

"Sir George," replied Miss Colerain,

rain, with quickness, "I will neither give nor receive a promise."

"Surely, surely," said Sir George, "you are cruel to an extreme."

"No," Miss Colerain answered, "I am only just. The mind has its revolutions, especially in youth. You may live to thank me, that I did not subject you to a future contest betwixt your honour and your affection."

"Impossible, Miss Colerain. May I take the liberty to write?"

"It were better you did not ask it, Sir George; but be that as you please."

"And will you answer?"

"For that I do not engage."

"I hope on reflection you will think you have been too rigid; I had almost said inhuman. But with whatever will, heaven pleases to inspire you, I must endeavour to find submission to it. Adieu, dear Miss Colerain, (kissing her hand), adieu. Hea-

ven forgive you for your manifold sins against me, and give you penitence and love; and me faith, hope, and patience. Dear Miss Colerain, adieu."

Below, Sir George enquired for Susanna, and leaving his purse in her hand, with the same effort of good humour with which he had bid adieu to Miss Colerain, he desired she would pray for him to her mistress, three times a-day; then stepping into the carriage he drove off.

To Mr. Lindsay, after supper, he related all which had passed; mingling resentment and sorrow together, and eagerly endeavouring to drown both the sensations in wine.

As to Miss Colerain——but with the examples of ladies, who, when love has assailed their gentle bosoms, have bid him be dumb, and have listened to his great antagonist Reason; I am but little acquainted. I cannot therefore describe their sensations

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sations. All I know is, that Miss Colerain spent the night in tears; and I hope, there are few of my fair readers who will not think her justly punished for her obduracy.

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